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**YOUR FREE
BEACHES**

**A VISIT TO
TROPICA:
CORSICA'S
FIRST RESORT**

**THE EAST
COAST USA:
A PERSONAL
REPORT**

**NUDE BEAUTY
CONTESTS**





THE 81st YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by, national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to the mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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EDITORIAL

PRINCIPLE FOLLY?

Freedom requires eternal vigilance. While we speed along the wave crest of increasing tolerance both on the beaches and elsewhere, we dare not be complacent. Counter attack is always lurking in the wings. When the Shah of Iran departed and the Ayatollah Khomeini returned, Iranians celebrated.

What happened? Alcohol is banned. The veil is strongly promoted. The clock is put back. Radio music has faded to a trickle of the '57 revolutionary songs.' The Ayatollah warned against '... youth (who) poured into the sea grappling with one another and doing what they liked.' Once crowded beaches are now divided by lengths of rope. It separates the men from the women. Women, often veiled, sit with their children on one side. Men are on the other. Islamic police keep it that way. Many years ago I bathed naked in the warm waters that lap the Irani coast. I wouldn't now. Not when children can be arrested for wearing only swimming trunks.

Someone said 'No one ever did anything foolish except from some strong principle.'

Murray Wren (Editor)



Next Month

OUR FREE BEACHES

Now that free beaches are with us in this country we intend to take a closer look. The first of what we hope will be a series is the beach at Leysden-on-Sea, Isle of Sheppey, Kent. This stretch of beach is not far from London and also reasonably near the large towns on the south east coast. How do you get there, and what is it like? Does it stand comparison with Continental beaches. Our roving reporter, Lance Ridgeway, will bring you all the answers. And, as always, plenty of news, views and opinions.

I WAS still in the middle of waking up when I switched on the radio and immediately recognised the voice filling the room. Or I thought I recognised it.

It was a voice I had listened to many times over the years, but the subject he was talking about was something surprising to me.

He was talking about naturism and the need for more people to come out into the open and admit they liked bathing and sunbathing without any clothes on.

Impatiently I waited until the end of the interview and then I heard the name which belonged to the voice.

For eight years we had taught in the same school; he, though, was in a much higher position than myself. He knew that I preferred naturism to other forms of bathing, yet he had always steered the conversation on to the hobbies and pastimes he and his wife did, without once mentioning that they also liked to sit in the secluded garden of their farmhouse home and soak up the sun, completely unclothed.

It was about six years since we had taught together. He had moved North, and I didn't know his address. But there were teachers still at the school who did know it and I rang one of them up and I was given the address and phone number of my ex-colleague.

'I was most surprised the other day to hear you pontificating about naturism and the need for more naturists to come out into the open and spread the word,' I told him. 'You knew years ago that I . . .'

I continued in rather a vexed manner, and he heard me out.

'I'm sorry,' he admitted wryfully, 'but in those days my wife and I had to be careful.'

'And I didn't?' I returned angrily.

'Not so careful,' he replied.

'The public often suspects single people. They expect them to do more outlandish things. They don't expect bachelors, particularly, to be one hundred per cent respectable.'

'I see,' I said.

Then I wondered momentarily about my lack of promotion in my teaching career. Had my being a naturist had anything to do with it? Certainly a lot of people knew that I was one, because they often saw articles and pictures by me in their newspapers and magazines.

'I just couldn't take the chance,' he admitted. 'I was determined to get ahead, and I didn't want anything to stand in my way.'

'But now?' I enquired.

After all, it had been his voice, it had been him, talking on radio, about the joys of sunbathing without a stitch of clothing on.

'The climate of opinion is different,' he admitted. 'More and more people are accepting naturism and naturists and I don't think there's much point about naturists staying secret any longer.'

Anyway, the two of us talked for a while and then he mentioned seeing an article I'd written about a trip to the West Coast of America and how I'd fared over there.

'I'm off to the East Coast next week,' I told him.

'How long for?'

'Nearly three weeks,' I explained.



EAST COAST USA CONFIDENTIAL

Some time ago Roger Clive Kemp told us about his trip to the West Coast of the USA and his experiences there among the local nudists. Now he has been to the East Coast. If you are thinking of taking advantage of the cheap fares across the Atlantic, Roger Clive Kemp has some advice for you. But even if you are not, you can enjoy a first-rate account of his travels and his experiences.



'Any particular reason?' he enquired.

'Just for a change,' I said.

Some Americans in Nashville, Tennessee, were interested in recording four songs I'd written a couple of years earlier, songs which British cabaret artiste Ted Wadley had recorded on Cottage Records, songs which had been played on the BBC a few times.

'So I'm going over to see what the Nashville recording scene is really like, and just have a tour around.'

I also planned to research articles I was thinking of writing for some British magazines. After all, travelling abroad can work out quite expensive, and writing a few articles and selling them can underwrite part of the cost.

'Going to do anything about naturism?' he asked. 'The West Coast piece was fascinating, but the wife and I are planning to visit some cousins on the East Coast sometime later this year and we'd like to learn more.'

'I probably will,' I told him, and eventually we both hung up.

A week later I was boarding my plane to New York.

It was jam-packed with passengers, because at school holiday time there are always so many people wanting to fly the Atlantic.

As I looked around me I wondered how many of them were naturists and how many of them would be enjoying the East Coast sun in the same way as I would.

Before leaving Britain I'd bought a Greyhound bus ticket for three weeks, and this entitled me to unlimited travel throughout the entire United States for that period.

I had, however, decided to restrict myself to the East Coast. I planned to travel by night whenever I could and see people and enjoy the sunshine by day.

I had also decided to take the role of an ordinary traveller to the United States, arriving in New York with no list of naturist contacts who could introduce me to their naturist friends. There were addresses of naturists I had been given by my West Coast naturist friends, but I had decided to leave these at my Bellair Cottage home in St. Ives too.

So, completely without natu-



'In those days my wife and I had to be careful.'

rist contacts of any sort, I set out from the Eastside bus terminal in New York and I went towards Forty-Second Street, which is perhaps five minutes' walk away, and I looked for a newstand which could offer me a comprehensive selection of contact magazines.

I had found them very useful on my West Coast trip. Papers like *The Los Angeles Free Press*, *The Advocate* and *California Sunshine* had proved excellent resource material.

On the first New York newstand I came to I found a whole selection of alternative publications which I eagerly perused.

I think the burly news-vendor wasn't used to watching a customer taking so much time and he glared at me on three or four occasions. I told him I'd just flown in from London and was looking for some contact magazines and he shrugged his

shoulders and continued selling to his regular customers.

I found *The Boston Phoenix*, *Sunrise Magazine*, *Open Air*, *Free*, *Au Naturel*, *Contacts* and *Freedom*, looking as if they would be the most informative, and I bought copies.

Some of them were tabloids and others were picture magazines which weren't cheap.

Most of them had back pages full of advertisements placed by private individuals, by naturist groups and by photographers looking for models or new customers. Most of the ads, placed by private individuals and naturist groups had publication box numbers to them, which was a little awkward because I didn't have unlimited time to spend on the East Coast, and box number correspondence usually takes time to get through the mails.

But I was able to see trends of where people and groups were resident, and there were also



some photographers who had listed their numbers, and I made a note of them in case I happened to be in their vicinity.

America is a very big country and distances are vast, so it's not always possible to take advantage of every phone number one comes across.

Armed with my newspapers and magazines, I returned to the Eastside terminal and I waited for my Greyhound bus to come in. All around me were other intending passengers talking to their friends and relations, mooching around, shopping in the many stores around the ticket offices, or sitting passively in seats where there were small TV sets built into the armrests, looking at their favourite programmes.

I sat and spread out my map of America, and a Greyhound bus map which listed the travelling times between cities, and I made a plan of where I was planning to go.

My first destination was Nashville, Tennessee, where I was hoping that the recording people were going to accommodate me while I was there.

They didn't!

They wine and dined me and gave me a lot of tours around and about, and supplied me with tickets for the 'Grand Ol' Opry' and the 'National Museum of Country and Western Music,' but no one mentioned a room.

So I booked myself into a rather mediocre hotel near the Greyhound Station—because it

was cheap and central—and I based myself there for three nights.

I asked my Nashville contacts whether they knew of any facilities for naturists in the area, but my question landed on uncomprehending ears.

First of all I had to explain what naturists were and then I told them I'd like to take advantage of some of the sun above me by meeting other naturists.

'Don't know of anything like that,' they said.

They did know about recording, though, and I was very pleased with the versions they eventually recorded of my songs 'One Single Ear of Corn,' 'Happy Endings' and 'Can You Hear The Jukebox Playing?'

Though my Nashville contacts didn't know of any naturists in their area I knew there must be some sun-worshippers somewhere whose acquaintance I needed to make.

I looked for a Tourist office but couldn't find one when I wanted it. I asked a burly cop in the street, and he looked so open-mouthed at my boldness that he just grunted an embarrassing 'No!'

Perhaps the Editor of the local newspaper would know?

I was just about to find a telephone directory and look up his number when one of the recording people came and suggested I go to the local YMCA and ask there.

Initially, no one seemed to know.





'But there's got to be naturists in Nashville' I declared vehemently.

One of the young men in reception came up with an idea: 'There's a gym and steam room in the building. Many of the regulars are weightlifters and body-builders keen to get and maintain their tans. Why not go and ask them?'

I was given temporary membership and went into the gym where I saw an amazing collection of muscular sun-tanned bodies.

I stripped and went into the steam room and quickly noticed those bodies without any tell-tale bathing costume marks on them.

I went up to one of them, explained I was a foreigner on holiday and was looking for somewhere I could meet Nashville naturists.

'You've come to the right person, buddy,' he smiled, and shook my hand.

He invited me to sit next to him and quickly we exchanged talk about our experiences as naturists. I told him about my trip to the West Coast on a previous occasion.

'The West Coast is very different. It's much more free out there. You'll find lots of resorts and ranches specially operating for naturists. Here in the East Coast there are a few but you've got to look for them.'

'Any around here?' I asked.

'One or two, but I never go to them,' he replied.

Instead, he and his friends sun-worshipped in the back gardens of their homes.

'We keep a very low profile. Don't let it become common knowledge. It's not that we're ashamed, or anything like that. But we are mainly professional people—teachers, lawyers, doctors, dentists and accountants—and our professional image would suffer if we advertised ourselves.'

'Surely there must be some people who aren't afraid to admit they are naturists!' I wondered.

'Single people mainly. People expect them to be more avant garde.'

Immediately I remembered the words I'd heard on the telephone in England.

Terry wasn't a single man. He was married with a wife and two children. All of them were low-profile naturists.

'We don't make a big deal out of it,' Terry told me. 'We're happy doing what we do here at home in Nashville, and we don't long for week-ends or vacations at the naturist spas and resorts here in the East Coast.'

Terry and his wife invited me to stay for a couple of days with them, and they took me around, and rang up a few friends who were their naturist contacts.

One late afternoon Terry drove us to a large home near Roger Miller's 'King Of The Road Motel' where some of his naturist friends were going to have a barbecue. The large home had vast grounds to it, so there was no fear of being overlooked. There was a pool which became the focal point for the whole party, and a lot of the naturists were most interested to know how accepting the general public was in Britain towards naturists.

'We all behave ourselves very properly here and don't do anything to draw attention to ourselves' one doctor told me. 'As more foreigners like yourself come to America for short visits they will probably spread the word about the innocence of naturism over here and then we'll be able to 'come out.''

When the sun began to set and the evening began getting cooler everyone went indoors and put back their clothes. The children were taken to a large reception room where there were games, a television set, and a soda fountain. The adults remained in the large reception room, which was filling up with people I hadn't seen before. 'They're not naturists,' Terry explained. 'But we always ask them to come in later on, after it's got too cold for us to stay out there. We always make certain that we've had enough time to put our clothes on before any of them come. So none of them even suspect that we've been sunbathing with nothing on.'

Then Terry grinned. 'Of course, there's bound to come a time when some of them arrive earlier than they've been invited. And then they're going to be very surprised at what they see.'

'So surprised that they might even decide to take the opportunity and take off their clothes and join you,' I speculated with a twinkle in my eye.

I'd remained in Nashville for much longer than I'd anticipated and I decided it was time for me to hit the road. I went up towards Indianapolis.

Terry and his wife had given me the number of some friends I should call. They weren't naturists themselves but accepted those who did want to sun-worship with all their clothes off as ordinary human beings.

'There's got to be places around this State,' Bob announced as soon as I arrived at the Greyhound Station and he was driving me back to his home

in the suburbs. 'I'll look up the yellow pages when we get in and see if there's anything advertised.' On our way we passed a Barbell Gym and Sauna Parlour. It looked quite respectable, and I asked whether Bob could stop outside.

'Certainly!' Bob said, with a smile.

It was a perfectly respectable business and the owners were body-building fanatics only too keen to help me. 'Yes, a group of our members are naturists. We see a lot of them in the winter months, not so much in the summertime when they can stay in their yards.'

Again, most of them didn't want to advertise the fact that they took off all their clothes to soak up the sun—even when it was in the privacy of their own gardens.

'I'll call one of them and see what he says.'

Minutes later I was talking to a real estate agent who lived about twenty miles out in the suburbs. He'd never been to Europe, had never met an Englishman before, and he wanted me to go out there immediately and join him and his family. I explained that I didn't drive, that I'd be staying with Bob for a couple of days.

'Put him on the phone!' Mike said, without hesitation. The two Americans discussed what should happen to me, and it transpired that Mike actually pirated me from Bob.

'I'll come right over to the Gym and collect Roger,' Mike said.

'He'll introduce you to a lot of people who are sun worshippers,' Bob explained, and I agreed it would be better for me.

I stayed at Mike's for three days, during which time I met a lot of naturists, none of whom would admit publicly that they took their clothes off to sit in the sunshine, or play tennis on the grass courts of their houses. Again, all of them were afraid of prejudice from people in the community, prejudice which would affect the businesses they were in.

'But I'm getting more and more families wanting secluded gardens and yards to relax in, and America is becoming more naturist-minded. I don't think it will be long before more people take their courage into their hands and admit to their naturistic preferences,' Mike told me.

From Indianapolis I went to Columbus, Ohio; to Buffalo; and to Niagara, where I stayed near the Falls. Along the way I did see some naturist resorts sign-posted, but they seemed to be

well off the main highways and necessitated cars to get people there.

In Niagara I rang up a photographer I had seen listed in the magazines I had bought in New York, and he invited me over. 'I was hoping you were going to be younger,' he confessed as he and his wife treated me to a vast salad meal, full of nuts and exotic fruit like pineapple and avocado pears.

'Younger?' I repeated.

'Yes, I'm getting more foreign people come to pose for my camera. They're on touring holidays of the States, and they find they need a little extra money. They can sell their blood at so much a pint in Downtown clinics or they can strip off and do some modelling for people like myself. I always pay good rates.'

'Trouble with young American naturists is that they've become too mercenary. Naturist models, I mean. With so many naturists wanting to keep their naturism confidential from the general public there's a shortage of young people in their late 'teens and early twenties willing to actually model for my camera.'

'I find my advertisements in contact magazines usually result in my getting quite a lot of foreign models. It's an increasing trend.'

Towards the end of my stay in East Coast America I went up to the State of Maine to some teachers who had advertised in one of the New York contact magazines. There had only been a box number but I'd written them from New York, and my letter had been forwarded immediately, and they'd sent a letter to a motel in Portland which I'd seen advertised in a tourist brochure, and in which I'd booked a room for the night.

The teachers immediately invited me to stay with them, and one middle-aged married couple invited me to their comfortable home near the school where one of them taught.

'Of course we feel as if we're letting the naturism side down by sunbathing so secretly, but teaching jobs are difficult to keep and most School Boards are full of people who demand conformity. They wouldn't take too kindly to faculty members who strip off for students to be able to see them.'

Burl and his wife go away to the naturism resorts there once a year.

'And every three or four years we go to Europe and vacation there, and where we go depends on where we know there will be

free beaches and a relaxed atmosphere.

'When we're in Europe we try and behave as openly as European naturists, but it's something we can't do locally here in Maine. The time is coming, though, because so many of our young people are going abroad and they're experiencing unfettered naturism for themselves over there, and, of course, they want it to be like this over here.'

'On the West Coast of America the barriers have been pulled down and people there are freer. We think it's only a matter of time before it happens over here, throughout the entire United States.'

I, for one, will enjoy that.

Just as I think it's a pity in Europe that people who are naturists have to feel secretive about it, I think it's a shame so many Americans feel the same way.

I look forward to the time when the East coast of America is as free in attitudes to naturism as is most of the West Coast that I've travelled in.

DECENT EXPOSURE?

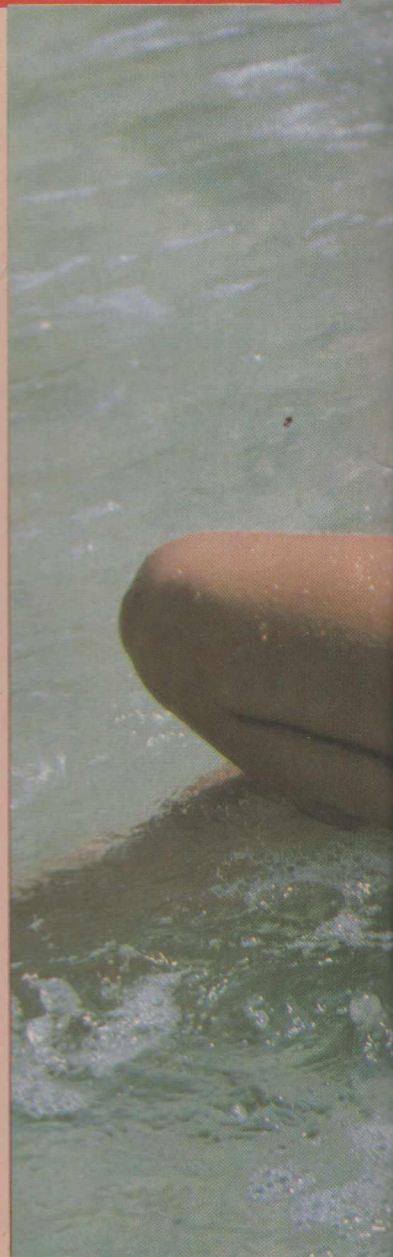
NOW that the beaches are changing from textile to nude, problems multiply. Ridiculous as it is, the custom is still to wear something, no matter how little, when swimming or sunbathing. But many forget that not so long ago the custom was to swim nude. And the change from nudity to wearing a bathing costume was fraught with difficulties, not the least of these being that some, perhaps many, could not afford the cost. Worcester illustrates the problem.

They moored a barge in the River Severn for the convenience of the then nude bathers. It was when the nudes waded ashore the trouble began. 'Make them wear towels' said the councillors. 'Make them wear bathing costumes' said others. 'But if they can't afford towels, how can they afford costumes?' asked still others. The councillors desired to encourage the healthy pursuit of swimming, but were faced with a petition against the rude vulgarity of nude bathers drying themselves by running nude on the shore.

They found a solution. Bathing (nude) would be allowed during the day and an attendant appointed to prevent 'unnecessary or indecent exposure.' Our 1868 forbears sensibly recognised that simple nudity is decent exposure.

THE SHAPES OF THINGS TO COME

Some day, and it may not be too distant, all beauty contests will take place in the nude. It is already happening. Giles Moynihan has seen it. One's first reaction is that if beautiful girls are sexy, beautiful nude girls are even sexier. And it matters not where they are nude. On the beaches, on the stage or in the bedroom. But once you get used to the nude, your attitudes change. The sexual aspect recedes to be replaced by what? Intellectual appreciation? Stockbreeders' know-how? Well, Giles has a thing or two to say about this.



I WOULD have been more surprised at the news that in New York State they are now featuring nude Beauty Contests, and have done so for some time now, if I had not recently returned to London from a world trip which took in Australia, South Africa, The Canary Islands and the southern Mediterranean. My whole way of thinking has been upended because everywhere I went, topless swimming and sunbathing and totally nude sun-worship



amongst the young people are becoming so much the habit that on my last stop-over in Lanzarote I looked at three girls splashing happily in that lovely warm sea, under Montana del Fuego's warlike eye, where the foreshore is a collection of black boulders and the immediate beach abutting the sea is picon, without a care or article of costume. Without fear, shame, or a perverted sense of exhibitionism. They had joined the naturist movement without, I am

sure, realising it. The reasons for this international change of thinking are, I think, interesting. Since *Playboy* first took the men's magazine market by storm, twenty years ago, with its package of sanitised sex, girlie mags have become a growth, and highly lucrative industry. When page 3 of *The Sun* newspaper began to feature topless, and then nudes, the last shreds of Victorian prudery were blown away. It was, surely, therefore, only a matter of time before

attitudes changed to embrace going without clothes when most people think they are required the least, i.e., on beaches and in the seas and rivers. The strange thing is that as far as I can make out there has been no horrified outcry; no resounding thunder from the pulpit. The naturist cause, espoused for so long by the few, and nowhere more than in the pages of H. & E., has now been accepted by the many as the most natural thing since the coming of sliced bread, proving,

once again, that the general public can work out things for themselves as and when they are good and ready, without pressure groups being needed for this cause and that one. At the moment the trend is nude bathing and sun-worshipping for the under 35 age group of both sexes, done, I am pleased to reveal, with a maximum regard for other people's feelings. Groups of nudes swam and sun-bathed nearer one another than to those wearing conventional



'Gee, she's really cute but so embarrassed.'

beachwear, but they were 'down' the beach, far away from where most people were lying. There was no rush to go and look at the young girls as they lay getting a beautiful tan, either on their backs or face down with their heads in their towels. People just didn't seem to bother and accepted it as part of the natural beach scene.

In America the nude beauty contests, which caused such an explosion of joy or disgust when they first came into public view have now settled in and attract much the same joy or approbation as the conventional dressed bathing beauty contest that has been around for years. There is most certainly sexual eroticism in seeing these twenty women with superb figures proudly parading them in competition with one another; yet there is also beginning to come into the picture the appraisal of the blood-stock breeder who will look at a filly with the eyes of a painter, shrewdly taking in every limb and sinew. The comments I heard when watching 'Miss Nude New York State,' in a comfort-

able middle-income group family home up in Scranton, New Jersey, were, if you will pardon the pun, extremely revealing. They were not to do with carnal knowledge. No tedious ad-libs about the boudoir. No speculation on the girls' abilities as partners in coitus. It was: 'I wonder if the panel are in to long legs . . .'; 'She's probably the best of the bunch, but just *look* at the way she walks . . .'; 'O.K., I agree, her hips are rather large but they are in line with her shoulders, and it's the tapering waist that accentuates them . . .' There was also crowd sympathy for the first-timers to the public spectacle of going nude in front of the television cameras: 'Gee, she's really cute, but so embarrassed. I like her because she's a natural; she's not trying to sell me something . . .' I didn't know for half-an-hour or more whether I was with a racing trainer at Chantilly or Newmarket, or at a downtown audition for the road show of 'Mame.' But what pleased me was the mature attitudes of these people towards *naturism*, al-



though had I actually mentioned that word they might still have felt it necessary to argue that they 'don't go along with all that.'

Which brings me to my final and main point. Has it ever occurred to you what will happen if and when nudity becomes so much accepted that all persecution and prosecution stops?

You see, that point might not be so far over the horizon after all, if you take into consideration just how far the naturist habit has been expressed as a *natural evolution in general thinking*. When a thing becomes generally accessible it loses its attractiveness, rather like a small boy stealing apples until the farmer tells him he can have as many as he likes. Even now there is a beginning when one surveys the Sex Shops in British, American and Continental cities. They are littered with hundreds of 'girlie mags,' yet there are no queues outside their doors. True, they do good business—the shops—but what is not realised is just how many magazines open and close within the space of a few months. In my boyhood H. & E. was an octavo-sized cream booklet, on sale at all W. H. Smith's bookstalls on every British railway station. It was, and has since remained, a



thoroughly accepted organ because its bona-fides cannot be gainsaid, i.e., it is the organ of the naturist movement—whatever sniggers that might suggest to the small-minded who see a double-entendre in nearly everything. Sex was taboo and so we children used to sneak up and take a peek—and blush. Don't blame us. We were not responsible for our environment. There are at least a dozen publications that are obscene by most people's accepted standards that continue to be published and flourish. Close-ups of the distended clitoris, the zoom-lens homing in on the genitalia, yet one hears less and less of public prosecutions. Frankly, most of us find them boring in the unsuppressed state we live in in 1980.

Professor Bronstein of Columbia University, in one of a series of lectures on 'The Shapes of Things to Come' said: 'Man has now virtually run the gamut of eroticism. There are only so many things a person wearing no clothes can do, and in the past few years he has done them all. We have had the Khama Sutra pictorially illustrated so many times that it has become an old joke. All the commercialised sex-exploitation of the last twenty years has little ongoing effect. Just as the bikini in mass circulation

newspapers gave way to the topless picture, and then dispensed also with the bottom half, so the public suffered a surfeit of nudity. Nudity was in great demand by television and newspaper advertisers, at open day press shows for the Car and Boat industry. All that is changing. It is giving way to people laughing at themselves, sending themselves up. The wittily put together telly commercials which amuses and does not bore or insult the viewer's intelligence in having its day.'

The shapes of things to come will be much more adorned, where nudity is unnecessary, but where it does have a legitimate reason (or excuse) it might raise one eyebrow, but never two. The success of the televised nude beauty contest, and also, incidentally, of H. & E. for over eighty years, has been a thoroughly honest appraisal of the beauty of the body allied to the facial personality and vocal tones of the object of its appraisal.

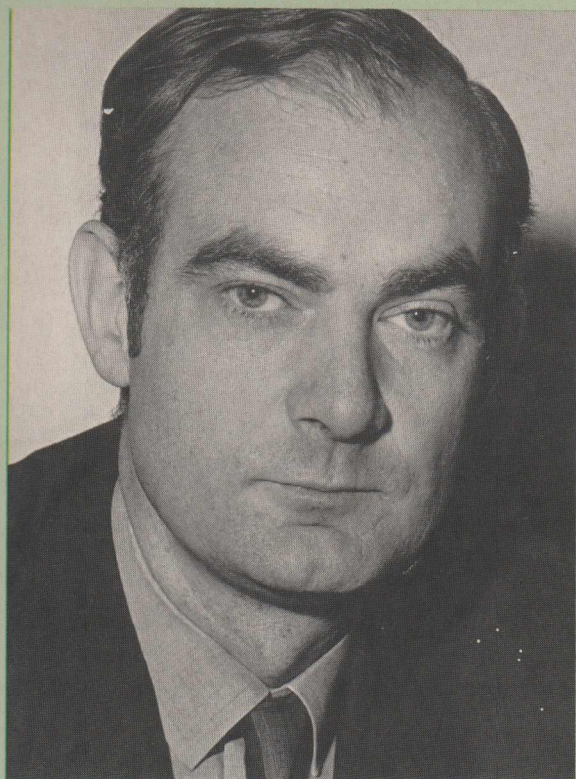
Let old Prof. Bronstein come in with the last word: 'We will have a situation, before the year 2000, when the only publications featuring a high degree of nudity will be those of the naturist movement once again.' Hear hear! Encore!



Susan Mayfield

meets

Ben Whitaker



I WAS sitting in a tiny office somewhere off Trafalgar Square, London, waiting to meet Ben Whitaker, Member of Parliament. I was nervous. It's not often I get to meet a well-known public figure! Ben Whitaker is the chairman of the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society, the aim of which is to oppose censorship of any sort.

Now, my image of M.P.s was left over from my schooldays, when my teacher used to throw chalk at me and call me 'a sleepy back-bencher.' I was convinced they were all fusty, crusty, and troubled by gout. I couldn't have been more wrong.

A charming, sun-tanned gentleman in an open-necked shirt rushed in. 'Would you like a cup of coffee? Black? Sugar?' he asked, and dashed out again to get me one, made by his own hand. So M.P.s are human after all!

'Now,' he said kindly as I searched among the papers on his desk for a space to put down my coffee, 'tell me about your publication.'

I explained that Health and Efficiency promotes the naturist way of life and simply because we honestly portray the human figure we often suffer censorship problems. 'It was one of my readers who told me about the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society. It was rather a relief that such a body had been formed. How did you start?'

'Do you remember a book called *'Last Exit to Brooklyn'*? A Free Art Legal Fund was established for the defence of the case against the publication of the book. After a dramatic victory in the Appeal Court, the sponsors of the Fund felt there was a need to protect writers, playwrights

and artists against censorship in any form. That's how the Society started in 1968.'

'Do you plan to oppose organisations like the National Viewers' and Listeners' Association?'

'Oh, absolutely! Somebody's got to stand up to them!'

'But some of Mary Whitehouse's arguments are very potent. What about children, for example?'

'Yes, she seems to have got her teeth into that aspect of it, doesn't she?'

'What do you feel about children being exposed to pornography then, or persuaded to star in it?'

'We discuss this at length in the Society meetings. No one has yet proved that exposure to pornography affects children in any way. But we do have to have laws to stop the exploitation of the vulnerable among us and as the laws defines 16 as the age of sexual maturity, this includes those under 16.'

'Do you think there's any truth in the other popular argument, that incidents on television affects children, or other people, and makes them want to try things for themselves?'

'Oh, I used to be a barrister and this is often put forward by criminals as an excuse for their actions. In a way I've got no doubt that things seen in the

This month Susan Mayfield instead of replying to readers' letters turns her attention to the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society. For readers who may not know of Mary Whitehouse it should be explained that she leads an organisation which takes exception to many instances of modern liberal thinking. There are Mary Whitehouse's in every country. They are often middle-aged women who feel it their duty to demand the censorship of material they don't like.



media may well affect people who are disturbed in mind to start with—this is about 2% of the population. The point is: has the rest of the adult population got to be told what they can see and read to prevent the disturbed section, which may well commit crimes anyway, from stimulation of this sort? Obviously any material is going to upset somebody sometime. I don't like to see children—I'm a parent to three children myself—disturbed by television, but they have to learn about life as it really is and simply trying to repress them by limiting what they see is no answer. Far better, I think, for parents and schools to watch programmes with children and hold a discussion afterwards about the play and its implications. I don't like, personally, a lot of what I see, but a personal opinion, like mine, should not be forced on others. Violence worries me far more than openly sexual matters. Even straightforward cowboy films give a distorted picture of death. 'Oh, he's dead,' they say, rolling over the corpse and galloping off into the sunset. Another thing that worries me is the sort of pornography that's selling, presumably to men.'

'How do you mean?'

'Rape fantasies and the like. It seems odd that men are taught on one hand that they must respect

women and only marry 'nice' girls and on the other hand they have these sort of hostile-to-women fantasies. Censorship won't solve any of these problems. A lot of these male attitudes start in schools and all-male schools are the worst. Teachers must be educated so that they don't visit their own hang-ups on the children. And we are brought up in such a funny way. A new baby is dumped in his cot while mother gets on with the housework. As a society we just don't cuddle each other enough. Physical contact is regarded with distrust. Repression and censorship won't change these aspects of society, only make it worse. I've always been passionately against censorship and voted against it in the House. Not because I'm pro-pornography, but because censorship is such a dangerous thing. Once a government has the power to censor published material, it can curb what the Opposition has got to say—then we'd have a dictatorship. That must never be allowed to happen. Far better that we have some people reading books other

people disapprove of. Censorship causes far more problems than no censorship. For example, who is to do the censoring? The government? The police? Then we'd have a police state! The church? In this country we are supposed to have religious freedom—we are free to choose which religion, if any, we wish to follow.'

'What did you think about the blasphemy case brought against *Gay News*? (A homosexual paper.)

'It amazed me the case could even be brought—the ethics of a religion not everyone believes in are being imposed on our law.'

'Mary Whitehouse brought the case privately, didn't she? Do you think it was because *Gay News* is a homosexual magazine?'

'*Gay News* is eminently respectable, there's nothing pornographic about it at all.'

'Mary Whitehouse always

seems to attack the respectable, like *Gay News* and the BBC. I wonder why she does that?'

'I don't know!' Ben Whitaker smiled his immensely charming smile. 'Why don't you go and ask her? You don't HAVE to mention you come from a naturist magazine!' His eyes twinkled.

'What do you think about naturism?'

'It's a bit cold in this country! But swimming naked is lovely. I believe free beaches are the latest thing, aren't they?'

'Yes, more and more beaches are coming into common use. But I actually have reservations, you know. A public beach is a public beach, and people can come to harass the naturists if they wish.'

'I shouldn't worry about that. Once the novelty has worn off peeping toms and voyeurs just won't bother. It'll take about a year, that's all. Do you know,

when they abolished censorship in Copenhagen, the sale of pornography rose dramatically. But after a year it was down to its previous level. It'll be the same with the beaches.'

'What about the moral climate in other directions? Do you think that we are in fact, as rumour has it, heading for a more repressive era? Has the tide turned against liberalism?'

'I think the heads of media are more frightened than they used to be, that either the government or the police may persecute them. The new Conservative government may try to bring in more restrictive legislation, but the public generally are growing more liberal all the time. Things are getting better for women all the time too, but the men don't like it. No one likes to lose power and men are getting more aggressive about Women's Liberation.'

'What exactly do you do in the

Defence of Literature and the Arts Society?'

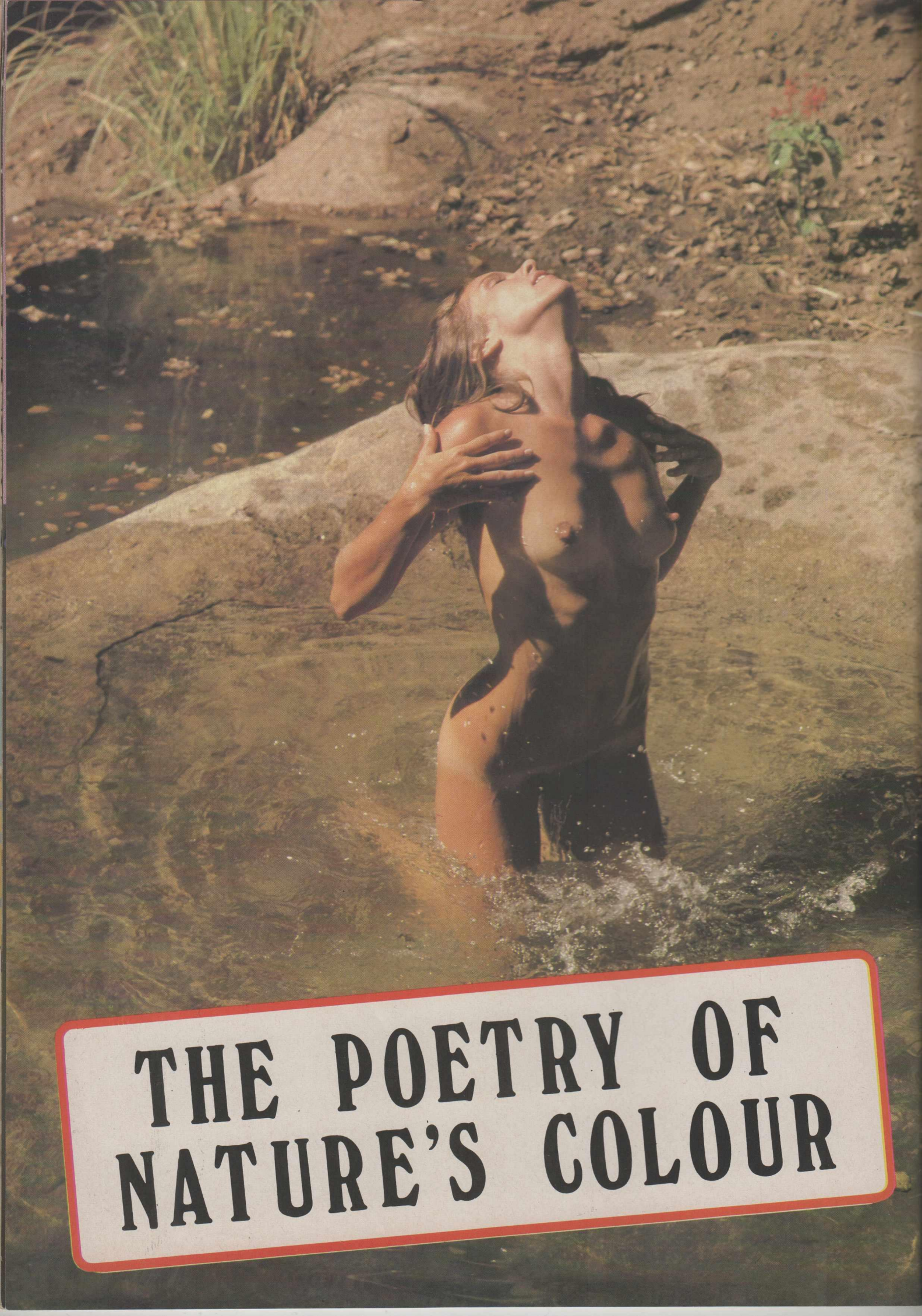
'We use our funds to defend writers and artists who are prosecuted because of their work. We seem to spend such a lot of time collecting members and funds. You see, none of us receive any pay and all the work is done by amateurs. Mary Whitehouse seems to attract so much support; she seems to have at her disposal an army of middle-class housewives who will do things for her, like writing letters. Not many people have even heard of us, although we hold seminars and meetings. We've had to put our subscriptions up to five pounds unfortunately—it used to be only two. We publish a twice-yearly magazine called *Uncensored*, which describes what is going on in the courts and brings to light cases of pre-censorship that the public didn't even know existed. I'll give you some copies in a minute. At the moment we are keeping an eye on the Home Office. They are preparing a report on the obscenity laws and wanting, we suspect, to tighten up the law. We have drawn up our arguments against this and have sent it to them as evidence. If you could write to them, Susan, as 'a mother of two' it would help. They don't get many letters against censorship that are from women. Most who write support Mary Whitehouse in wanting to 'protect' women and the family. Really, of course, they want to perpetrate the system where women are kept submissive in marriage.'

I promised to write to Bernard Williams at the Home Office and then it was time to go. Ben Whitaker shook me very warmly by the hand and I left loaded up with leaflets and information. It was a relief to know that there are free-thinking people in this country who are prepared to fight against the immorality of the few telling the rest what they should and shouldn't see and read.

Readers who agree with me and would like to join the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society should write to The Secretary, D.L.A.S., 18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS. If anyone lives near London and has any spare time at all, any help in running the Society would be greatly appreciated. You would be joining the ranks of such well-known free-thinkers as Joan Bakewell, Dr. Alex Comfort, Shirley Conran, Dr. Johnathan Miller, Edna O'Brien, Dilys Powell, Kenneth Tynan and the forward-looking Rev. Chad Varah.







**THE POETRY OF
NATURE'S COLOUR**

The now hackneyed saying 'A picture is worth a thousand words' is often dismissed as nonsense. Millions make a living producing an endless flow of words, words, words. They rush at us from advertising hoardings, from Radio and from TV. They follow us around on trains, buses and even in the street. Forget the words. Just rest your eyes on this delightful poem in pictures. A poem to the delights of naked living and human joy.





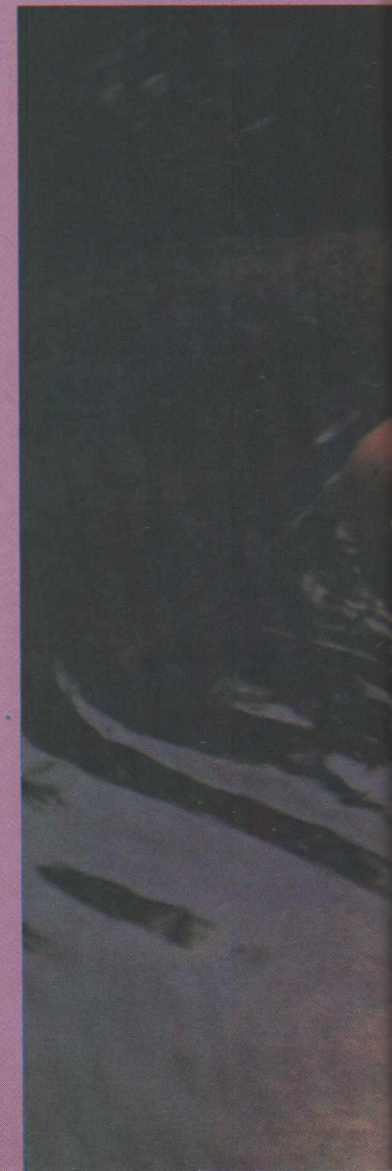
POETRY is out of fashion.

Yet, once it was used to encapsulate a desire or emotion deeply moving to the human spirit. This romantic tradition was at its height about 100 years ago. But although they had photography then, they sadly lacked colour. Today, we would like to suggest, the advent of the colour process has allowed the development of the 'camera poet.' But we can hardly call him *that*. Also 'camera reporter' is too mundane a word. A new description is needed.

Here, in these pictures you see what I mean. Sun worship is part of the naturist scene and we have all felt the joy, even ecstasy that these photographs of a beautiful girl reveal. The combination of sun, water and joyful colour combine to produce here a veritable poem in pictures.

They have something of the quality of good ballet. Something of the quality of a moving painting. Something of the quality of mystery that so moves the human soul.

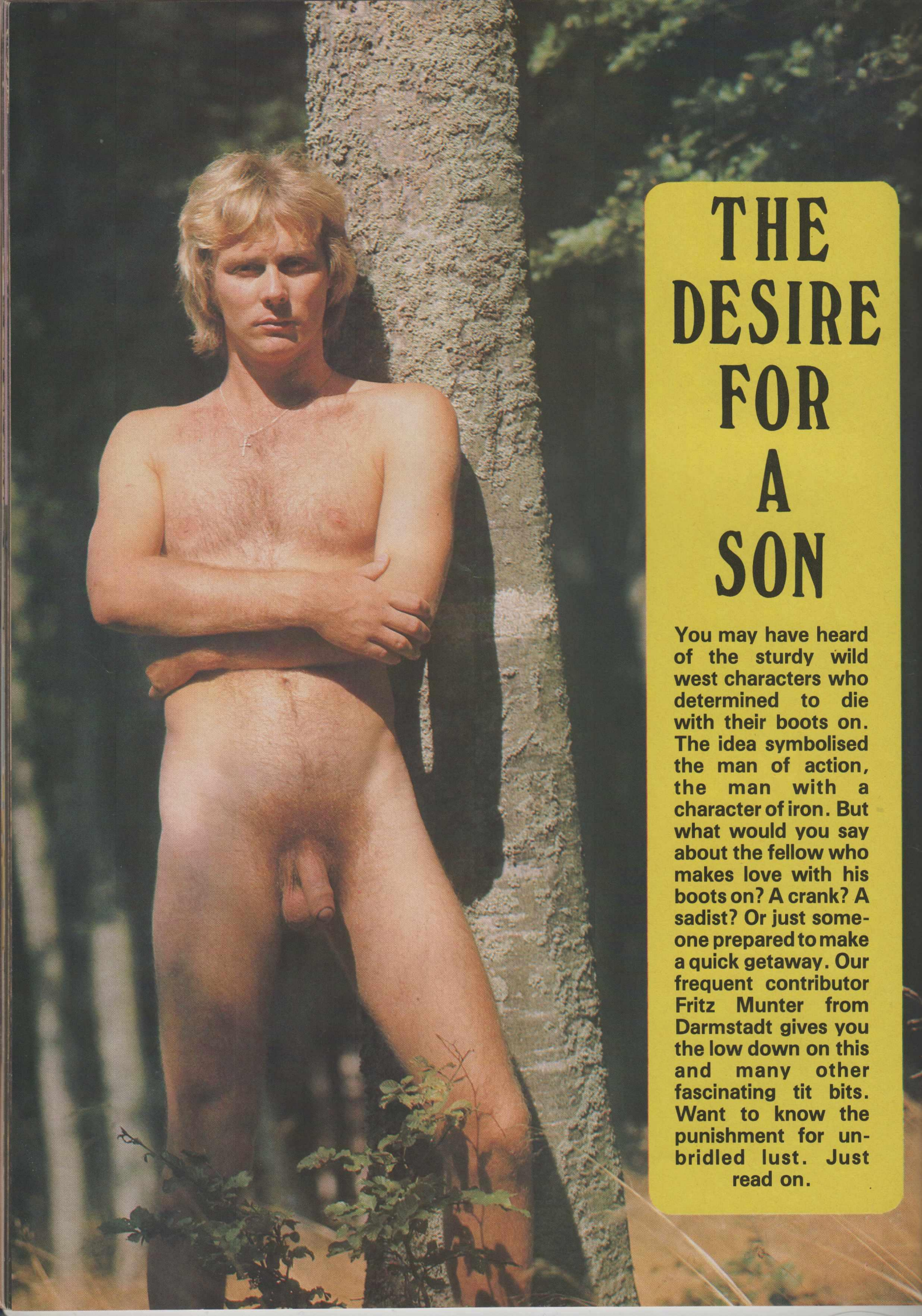
Yet they are none of these. And for many who have never known the joy of going naked in sun and water they may mean little or nothing.











THE DESIRE FOR A SON

You may have heard of the sturdy wild west characters who determined to die with their boots on. The idea symbolised the man of action, the man with a character of iron. But what would you say about the fellow who makes love with his boots on? A crank? A sadist? Or just someone prepared to make a quick getaway. Our frequent contributor Fritz Munter from Darmstadt gives you the low down on this and many other fascinating tit bits. Want to know the punishment for unbridled lust. Just read on.



IF you take a look at your friends you will almost certainly find ample evidence to bear out the old saying 'The desire for a son is the father of many a daughter.' And it has long been a source of fascination to many that there are men who have only sons in their first marriage and in their second nothing but daughters. Similarly, there are women who bear nothing but daughters by one marriage and nothing but sons by another.

Those who followed the ways of magic maintained that boys are produced when conception takes place during the phase of the waxing moon. And in the Tirol it was the rule that if a man wanted a son he had to keep his boots on during intercourse. In other parts of Europe men tried to achieve the same result by smearing the penis with the blood of a hare, which bears some resemblance to the Oriental custom of inscribing the penis before penetration. The Ukrainians seem to have the most satisfactory answer, believing that if the woman is sexually satisfied she will bear a male child, if not, then she will bear a girl. On the other hand, the moralists have always insisted that unbridled lust dissipated male potency, which led to the birth of girls as a punishment (an attitude which led to the abase-

ment of the female sex), whereas the birth of a boy evinced not only the potency of the father but also meant he was a person of upright morality. Thus the father of a number of sons was seen as a symbol of divine pleasure.

Now in our so-called enlightened age we have turned to scientific methods in order to deal with the same problem, though the irritating thing about the result of this is that these very scientific methods seem to reinforce the old idea that the birth of sons is a sign of masculinity. It is these scientific methods that I would like to look at now.

Let's take as starting points the following facts:-

1. That in the emission of any fertile man the X-chromosomes which produce girls exist in a 1:1 proportion with the Y-chromosomes (the producers of boys).
 2. The Y-chromosomes are more sensitive to acids than the X-chromosomes, and the X-chromosomes are more sensitive to alkalis than Y-chromosomes.
 3. That the Y-chromosomes are more mobile than the X-chromosomes, and thus reach the point of fertilisation (the ovum) more quickly, which is why X-chromosomes live longer than Y-chromosomes.
- Modern theory on what





Does nudity upset children?
Just look at this happy lot.

determines sex can all be seen to be based on these three hypotheses. The only problem is that so far they have not been proved to be correct!

The pH factor

The pH value is the measurement which chemists have developed to define the hydrogen concentration in the atmosphere. pH 7 means a 'neutral' reaction of the kind found in distilled water if it is free of carbon dioxide. Measurements in excess of 7 indicate an increase of alkaline reaction, and measurements of less than 7 an increase in the acid reaction.

When physical chemists then developed the so called 'glass electrode' by means of which the pH content of any given substance can be measured, rather in the way you can measure

temperature with a thermometer, there was a flood of published material on the matter, and one can only wonder at some of the experiments in measurement that it was then thought worthwhile to make. Thus it was established that the average value for the vagina was round about pH 4. This is probably the result of the presence of acids as a guard against infection of this sensitive area. Further, it was established that as a result of sexual excitement, especially during intercourse, the reaction tended towards neutral, and that neutral was actually reached when intercourse was thirty minutes long or more.

Now, since the duration of intercourse is one sign of virility, it would seem to bear out the old idea that it is especially potent men who produce male children,

since the Y-chromosomes would be more sensitive to the acid reaction of the vagina of an aroused partner than the X-chromosomes. This is how the hypothesis came about that Y-chromosomes are especially sensitive to acids. It may be that this hypothesis as to what determines the sex of children is merely the projection of the wish of researchers rooted in the patriarchal tradition of thought. Furthermore, it is clearly nonsense, since the logical conclusion would be that men suffering from *ejaculatio praecox* would only produce girls, which clearly is not the case. But could it be that the modern 'war of annihilation' described by Charles Stuart in No. 5/1978 of H. & E. and the choice of preparations he mentioned has already come?

Charles Stuart reported that it was possible to obtain a 'Choice' gel developed by doctors Pollard and Shettles which could be applied before intercourse and was available in two forms: 'Choice' with pH 7.6 was supposed to guarantee the birth of a baby boy; 'Choice' with pH 6 produced a baby girl.

But the two doctors radically underestimated the finer points of mother nature! Mother nature has enclosed the chromosomes in a protective mass with a pH measurement of 7.3 which is emitted at the moment of ejaculation, so that the pH measure in the vagina is radically increased whether or not it has been treated with 'Choice.' So the spermatozoa carrying the chromosomes make their way to the place of fertilisation in their own medium (to the cervix) where, of course, it is the internal pH measurement which is decisive. For the spermatozoa to reach this point it takes about three minutes, and this is known fact, not mere speculation.

Pre-conception determination of sex by measuring the speed of



mobility of chromosome-bearing spermatozoa.

This method is based on the fact that ovulation is regulated not only by hormones but is also brought on by sexual excitement, which is certainly the case. But since once more this leads to the notion that only supermen can produce male children, since it is only the exceptionally virile man who can keep up sustained external stimulation, there must be some other answer.

These supermen tend to bring on 'violent ovulation' (i.e., ovulation brought on by sexual excitement). At the moment of ejaculation the ovum is ready for fertilisation so that the boy-producing Y-chromosomes reach the point of conception earlier than the X-chromosomes which favour girls. How else could we explain this tendency of supermen to produce male children?

Of course the theory on the mobility of Y-chromosomes simply operates the other way around.

I have already shown that those unfortunates who cannot keep up sex for long may be able to be helped by means of 'Choice.'

No 'generation gap' here. Idyllic scene beside a lake near Velden, Austria.



This is borne out if this second hypothesis is in fact correct. And help may also be forthcoming as a result of the second method I wish to examine, that put forward by Dr. Otfried Hatzold of Munich.

According to Dr. Hatzold it is possible by using a thermometer to monitor the time of ovulation and thereby choose the time most conducive to having a boy. If you have sex two days before the onset of ovulation you will have a girl, since the Y-chromosomes move more quickly but X-chromo-

somes live longer.

Unfortunately, even though Hatzold's theory has found a good deal of favour, it too is wrong. Hatzold overlooked, for example, that according to the Talmut sexual intercourse is permitted only 13 days after the onset of menstruation, which means it comes exactly during ovulation. Now even if 10% or even as little as 5% of Jews held to this modern Israel would have a considerable preponderance of boys.

Hatzold also overlooked some biological facts. For example, unlike the female human, many mammals go on heat at the moment of ovulation. This is when the bull knows it is time to serve his dairy herd. According to Hatzold, this should produce largely male bullocks, but this is quite obviously not the case. Or, to take another example, many rodents, among them the rabbit, only start to ovulate during copulation, yet every child knows it is not the case that the latter consists

only or even mostly of males.

The latest methods

Jacques Lorrain, a doctor in Montreal, and Joseph Stolkowski, professor of physiology in Paris, have recognised that none of these methods I have looked at is effective and have put forward their own idea. They recommend expectant mothers to use the following diets:-

If you want a boy, beer, wine, salt and potatoes will do the trick. If you want a girl, then eat plenty of eggs, milk, yoghurt and cheese. They claim a success rate of 81% using this method. But if that is the case, I for one would like to know why it is that the Chinese, who avoid eating dairy products, are not suffering from a shortage of women in the population, or why the Masai, whose diet relies a lot on milk, produce plenty of boys.

Conclusion

So we just don't know why it is we have sons or daughters! Although we do know plenty about the genetic factors involved in producing a boy or a girl.

The separation of the X- and Y-chromosomes can be achieved by means of electrophoresis and by certain other methods in which separation occurs as a result of the use of an ultra-centrifuge. These methods have proved to be successful in animal breeding.

As for myself, I recommend sticking to the old method and taking the natural consequences—boy or girl whatever it may be!

A BRAND NEW

IN 1974 my wife and I joined a sun club. Well, it didn't happen just like that—I was keen, my wife was dubious. The club had advertised in the local rag, and I replied, eager to know whether what I had seen on the front of those 'humorous' seaside postcards was really true to life. The secretary wrote back to me in due course, inviting us to fill in an application form, and enclosing a twenty years out of date brochure about the club. I duly filled in the form, swearing, where appropriate, that neither my wife nor I had any offensive abnormalities that were like to upset the other members, and in the post it went.

Some days later, Mr. Secretary writes again. We were to meet two of his committee members down some leafy lane some distance from the club that coming Sunday. This was to be the day of some mysterious rite that these nudists called 'Work Sunday.' They would drive to the spot and meet us at 2 p.m., introduce themselves (John and Joan, we'll say) and then take us back to the club. All this took place as planned and we arrived, together with our two escorts, at the locked gates which barred our entrance

to the club grounds. John unlocked the gates and in we went.

Joan and Joan had seemed normal enough—pleasant with it, but what a sight met our eyes when we got into the club! There were people all over the place, cutting grass, chopping trees, digging ditches, but (horror of horrors!) THEY WERE ALL CLOTHED! (It was only March, but so what? These nudists were fanatical undressers, weren't they?) As the shock began to wear off, we were introduced to Pat and Ron and Mike and Jeff (we concluded that having a christian name of only one syllable was a prerequisite to membership!) and Pam and Jo and the rest who, in their turn each stopped cutting or digging or chopping to shake our hands and smilingly welcome us to the club. I soon learned that British naturists are the world's heaviest tea drinkers. The kettle had just boiled at all the caravans we stopped at. Strangely, as the afternoon went on, and with every gallon of tea we drank, the old myths surrounding nudist clubs and their members began slowly to dispel. These people were actually normal.

The club grounds were super.

Over twenty acres of woodland with a natural pool, kiddies pool, club house, sun lawns—the lot. I was even more keen, my wife was more dubious. Even though it was still only early March and the trees were bare—the only naked things in the place—we loved it. It seemed that our two new found friends, John and Joan, liked us also. Indeed, as the afternoon drew to a close and we strolled back to the car, they invited us to join. I was ecstatic, my wife said she'd think about it. Off we went, and from then on I talked of little else except of joining the club, whilst she listened patiently. Then, after a few days and a little extra persuasion, she agreed.

Start your own group

Came mid-April, and the beginnings of what looked like a glorious summer. We made our way to the club, and when we arrived the sun was in full blaze. It was a weekday, so there were not too many people about, but those that were there were naked. Stark staring naked. Even though we had known what to expect, it still came as a bit of a shock. We just sat in the car for what seemed like ages and looked—first at each other, then at the nudes. The place looked completely different. All the winter chores had been finished and the place looked like paradise. A hefty knock on the car roof brought us back to our senses. A naked man whom we had met that first Sunday was beaming in at us through the open window.

'Oh, er hello David.'

'Hi. What are you two waiting for?' and off he walked into the woods.

I was feeling more than a little nervous, and I began to wonder if we had been just a little too hasty in deciding to join the club. David had obviously meant us to follow him, but by this time he had almost vanished amongst the trees. We got out of the car and followed. He took us to a gloriously sunny spot that had been cleared of trees and stretched himself out on the grass. This was it. We had to take our clothes off. I was going to show myself up. How could one possibly avoid having an erection in a place like this? I would be laughed out of the club. I would get...

Whilst these and a million other such thoughts had been racing through my mind, my wife had stripped off every stitch, had

FREE SUN BEACH NEWS

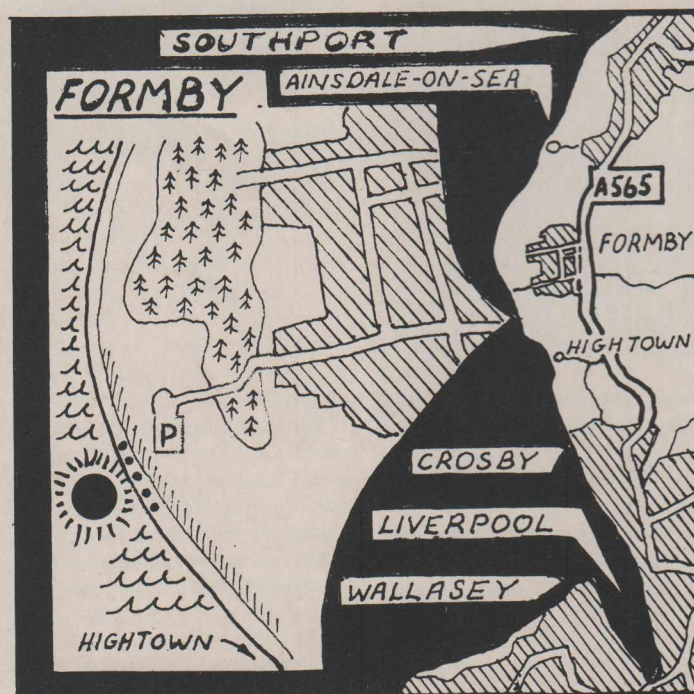
MERSEYSIDE—FORMBY

Access: The A565 from Southport to Crosby by-passes Formby to the east of the town. If you turn off west almost opposite the 5195 from Great Altcar and continue towards the south-western part of the built-up area after leaving the railway line behind, you will reach a minor road that goes towards the sea and the car park. To the left (south) of the car park a short walk will bring you to the secluded hollows in the dunes popular for nude 'sunning' sheltered from weather often windy. Pines on the landward side made this Preservation Area most attractive and the beach is excellent. It is pleasant to walk to the water's edge from the dunes and swim nude.

Assessment: The sand hollows can be very hot. Officialdom very cool. Police patrols seen occasionally and tact is advisable until there is a more tolerant official attitude. Ideal, however, for 'group' sunning with a 'sentry.' Very flat sandy beach and shallow water.

Researched by Geoff Coulthred of Malton.

(From 'FREE SUN' (EUROPE'S Beaches') 1979 edition published at £4.50 from 37 West End, March, Cambs. PE15 8DN).



MEMBER

PERSONAL VIEW

Have you ever wondered what it's like to join a naturist club? What thoughts and fears rush through your mind. Well, Peter Wintle has been through it all recently enough for him to put it all down in detail. Those of us who have belonged for years have long forgotten what it was like. But Peter went on to greater things. Having tasted the joys of naturism he was loathe to do without it. So when his job took him to Norfolk he determined to form his own club. Read this fascinating personal view.

sprawled herself out on the grass and was laughing and joking with David. I gingerly took off my clothes. What an odd feeling it was, standing there in the middle of the woods in the nude. I looked down. 'Percy' was still asleep. Thank God!

That odd feeling

That odd feeling slowly began to grow into one of exhilaration. To feel the sun ALL over me was a totally new experience. I suppose I had imagined it to be not too much different from the way one feels when lying in the sun wearing swimming trunks, but this was something else. I liked it.

Throughout the summer we paid as many visits to the club as we could. We made new friends and had great fun. We had taken to naturism as ducks take to water. But all good things come to an end, and that first summer unfortunately had to do the same. Work Sundays began, and we got along to the club on as many of them as we could, lending a hand to get the club ready for the following season. January came, and with it the time for planning holidays for the coming year. We decided to hire a holiday caravan at the club site and had a marvellous fortnight in May playing miniten and swimming, but mostly just lazing in the sun. By this time we were confirmed naturists and had made more friends and had yet more fun.

The autumn and winter of 1975 brought with them a change in jobs for both my wife and I, and we had to move. This took us further away from our club, and it became impossible for us to get there regularly. Only twice during that glorious summer of 1976 did we get a chance to visit the club. We began to wish that there was somewhere nearer to home which

could provide us with some of the facilities that our club had offered. We did, however, manage to get to a local beach which was secluded enough for us to at least sunbathe naked. It was whilst lying on the beach one hot afternoon that I began to wonder if it was within the bounds of possibility to start something going in our own area. Norfolk folk, for the most part, are a prudish lot when it comes to naturism, and I almost dismissed the idea as hopeless there and then. But our love of the sun prevailed and the next day I wrote a letter to the Editor of H. & E., setting out my ideas for a new group, saying that it might just be worth a few of us getting together and trying to hire some secluded piece of land from a local farmer for us for our sunbathing. My letter was published and I soon had several replies from people in the area who seemed interested. On meeting some of them, I soon found out that it was not just naturism for naturism's sake that they were after! As luck would have it, one local couple contacted me as a direct result of reading my letter, saying that they had been trying to form a group for sometime, but had so far been completely unsuccessful, and that if we got together and pooled our ideas we might just have a chance. They told me that they had their own secluded garden and pool, which they were only too willing to let us use. We visited them one evening and to our delight found that they were genuine naturists. We hit it off immediately.

By this time the winter of 1976 was with us but, and with their pool as our only attraction, we started to advertise locally, and after much vetting of prospective members, had a dozen or so



naturists to our credit by the end of that winter. From there we went on to receive the offer of the use of a sauna and yet another pool. We made new friends all along the line, and it gave us a feeling of great achievement to see our own group slowly forming out of nothing.

By last summer we had twenty members. Not a large number by club standards, but big enough to know that we had achieved something that had seemed almost impossible at the outset, and small enough for everyone in the group to feel that we were all 'friends' rather than 'members.' But our greatest step forward came only last week.

I wonder how many established sunclubs have tried to hire indoor pools for nude swimming during the evenings? And been successful? I know that ever since my own group started I have written to just about every pool in the area without success. But suddenly I got a reply—which is unusual in itself. I spoke to a pool official on the 'phone.

'Hire the pool? Certainly.'

'But you realise that we're naturists?—I mean, that's nudists, not naturalists, bird watchers and the like!' (A common misconception!)

'Of course. When do you want it?'

So there we are. We now have a super group with facilities which must out-rank those of some of the largest clubs—and still we charge no annual fee. O.K., so it involved some hard work to begin with, and some expense too, as far as our advertising was concerned, but so what? Look what we ended up with. So when are we going to see more of the same happening in other areas? It's not impossible, I've proved that for myself. As dedicated naturists we were determined not to see our greatest interest fade with our move away from our club.

So come on, you lot! Don't sit there on your naked backsides and let all the others do the work—START YOUR OWN GROUP! If I can do it, sure as hell you can!

WHY NOT JOIN US?

What is behind the sun club movement?
Why do people do it? How is it that
perfectly sane individuals will gather
together and take off all their clothes?
All in total opposition to custom,
convention, law and religion?
Georges Durand reveals more
than bodies.





REGISTER
HERE

THIS magazine circulates all over the world. It always has. Readers report finding it in the most unlikely of places from Russia to South America. Consequently our features are read by just as many non-naturists as naturists. Although there is no way of measuring this, we believe more recruits come to naturism through this journal than by any other method. We do know that when we have mentioned a new club in these columns they have had as many as 400 enquiries in a matter of weeks—nearly all from non-naturists.

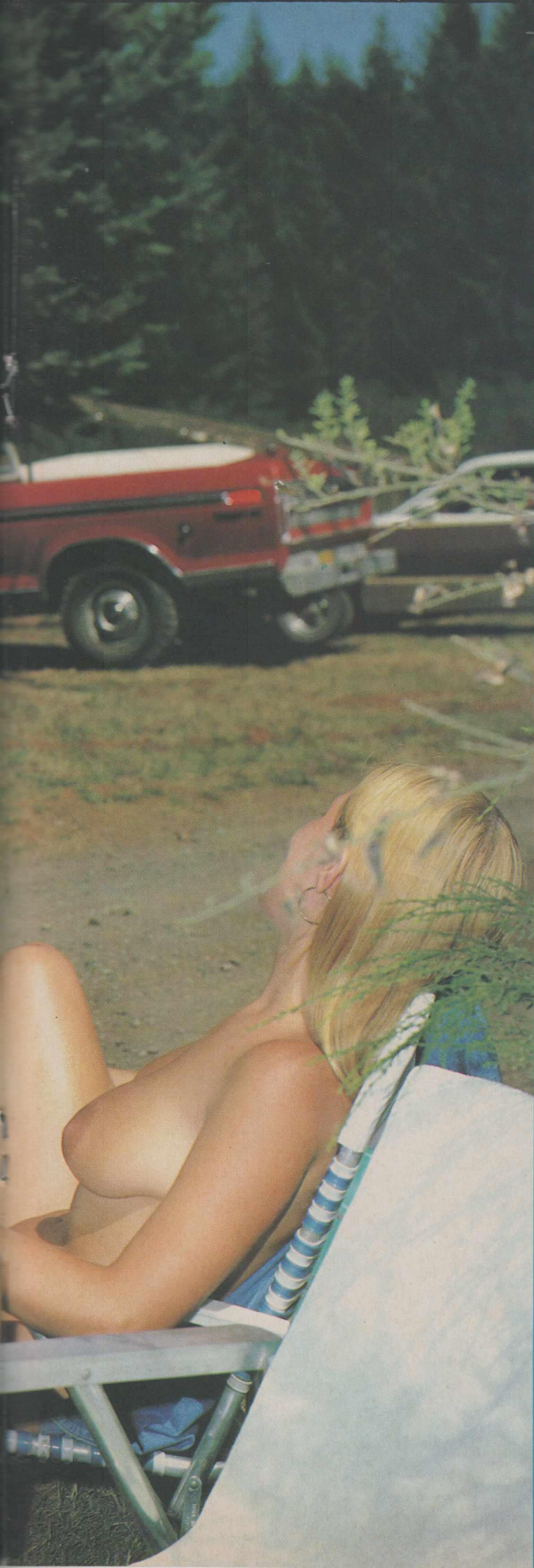
So it is only right that now and again we should explain to these readers, as best we can, just what naturism is about. What better way to do this than by illustrating a typical club in our pictures and in words give some idea of what the movement is about.

We are aware that the move-

ment is spreading beyond the walls and the doors of the clubs. Most of us agree that is a good thing. Some fear for the existing clubs, thinking that without the necessity for their existence they will wither and die. Not at all. The freedom to go naked on the beach is indeed a wonderful thing and much to be encouraged, but it can never replace the friendliness and the human co-operation that exists within the clubs.

But to return to our central point, what is this club life all about? First of all, it is about building the facilities where one can experience life in the open, free of restrictive clothing. This means pooling resources and even putting in hard physical effort. It is about friendship. Working together towards a common objective is a great friend maker. Pictures illustrating the life at the American club (Williamettans,





Eugene, Oregon) featured here well illustrate that friendliness.

But mainly it is about the freedom to move around and enjoy swimming and sunbathing without clothing. There are two aspects. One, and the most obvious, is the physical freedom. To put on clothes to take a bath would today be regarded as the act of an imbecile. Yet we dutifully put on clothes to take a swim. What madness is this? I tell you it is the sort of madness naturists set out to abolish. Then, too, most of us enjoy the sensation of baring our skin to the sun's rays. Then why not do it properly?

But there is another aspect of nudity that really is far more important. It is the mental effect. For more than 2,000 years mankind has been condemned to clothing. Religion has decreed the sight of the nude figure sinful or against the law, or both. Con-

vention has added its weight. But it has been largely Christianity's fault that we have come to regard the body with fear and even superstition. It is a terrible story and not one we can go into deeply here. But in short, some early followers of the Christian belief came to believe there was a fundamental conflict between the pleasures of the body and heavenly grace. The greater the bodily pleasures the more they detracted from the contemplation of God which was man's only true purpose.

Result? Sex became the chief enemy. Sex and all associated with it became an abomination. The sexual organs, where obviously this sinfulness had its source and continued life, must remain covered from our eyes or who knows what lewdness might follow.

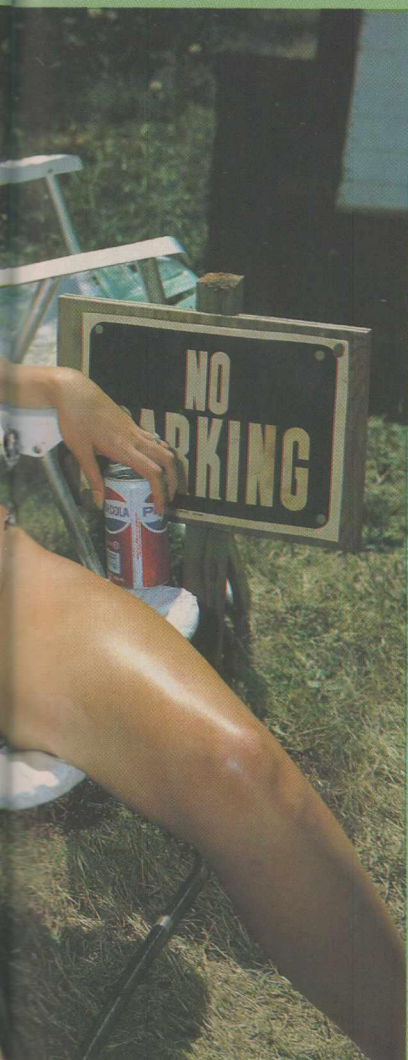
As if that were not enough, women came in for especial



censure. They were the source of all evil. They tempted man to his downfall. To escape this temptation, educated men only 400 years ago propitiated the Deity by self-denial—especial self-denial of their sexual desires. At one time, and in one country alone, 22,000 men holed up in caves, dry wells and deserted dens of wild animals. They refrained from washing and admired their own stench. A monk named Arsenius wore palm leaves, soaking them in the same water year after year till his stink was worse than anyone else's.

Simon Stylites, renowned for sitting 30 years on top of a column, was even more famous in his time because he allowed himself to become a mass of clotted and ulcerated filth. Worms filled his bed and dropped from him as he walked. He replaced them. Thus in the torment and rejection of his body did he exult God! Others held their hands in flames all night to deny lust. Others starved. All in the name of 'mortifying the flesh' by which was meant holding out against the sexual desires of the body. Many, many others just sunk into total madness.

We are certainly not as bad as that today. But sexual troubles and sexual ignorance and refusal

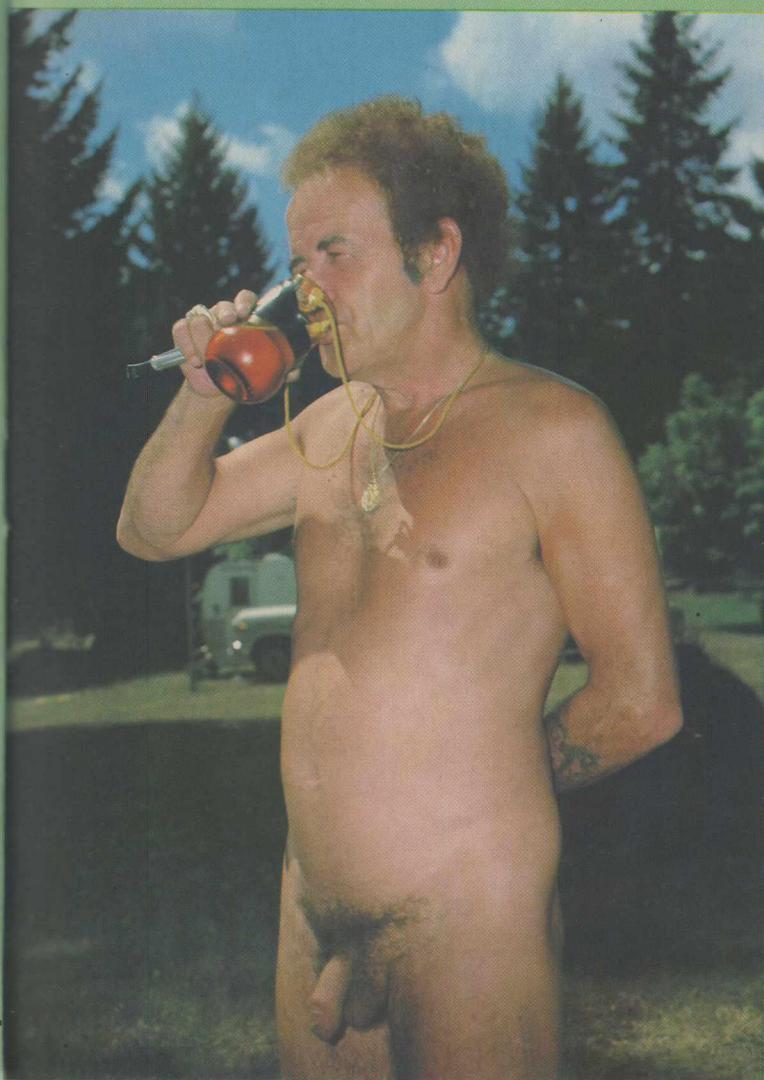


to recognise the facts of our physical life still mean hospitals full of mental patients. In spite of all the efforts of Freud and those who followed, we are still in an age of relative sexual darkness. We are brought up to hide our bodies. We are trained at an early age to hide the genitals. Girls are warned of the dangerous breeze which might lift their skirts and told at all times to keep their knees together.

But enough of this. Why do I mention it? I do so because you have to understand these things to understand the almost amazing feeling which comes over men and women who have learnt that to go naked together results in no catastrophe. No heavens open. No bolts of lightning strike them dead. No orgies follow. Their world remains unaltered except for this almost euphoric feeling of release. Release from a horrible constraint that has followed them all their living days. That is no small thing and explains the extreme enthusiasm of the novice nudist.

Quite truthfully, they will never be the same again. They will never see life in quite the same way. They have been forever freed of a perhaps quite unconscious guilt. The guilt of 2,000 years.

And this is the greatest benefit membership of the nudist frater-



nity can give you. After that it is almost an anti-climax to speak of other benefits. But there are many. Not the least of these is the desire to keep the body fit. To take a pride in its appearance. Another is the certainty that your children are growing up in a world where there is no need for deceit about the existence of sex and sexuality. They will never suffer a crippling curiosity about what a girl looks like. They will never be tempted to assault a young woman just to see, what ordinary children have never been allowed to see.

I could go on and on about the benefits, but perhaps most of them are deeply perceived by most adults today. After all,

psychoanalysis has been with us about 100 years or more.

The best of today's clubs are not too much hung up about rules and regulations like they used to be when they were less secure. Today if someone wants to wrap a towel around their waist no one will object. In many clubs such harmless gestures of sexuality like walking arm in arm or even kissing are no longer frowned on. More and more behaviour is as normal and sensible as outside.

So if you feel like joining the free, then perhaps a club will appeal. Or perhaps you are independent enough to go along to your nearest free beach. Either way, you're very welcome.

* * *

Visiting Tropicia is rather like stepping on to a time machine and setting the controls to **BACK**. For this famous resort has changed little in the many years it has hugged the sandy coast of East Corsica. The trees have grown, providing more welcome shade. The facilities have got better, but it will always remain a quiet, delightful retreat from the brash hurrying world of our cities. Lance Ridgeway takes you there.

LOOKING back about 25 years you would be hard put to find a naturist resort anywhere. Of course things have changed beyond belief in the last quarter of a century. But then it was different. In the Mediterranean, one place and one place alone stood out—the Isle de Levant. In the early 1950s this magazine ran an account by a daring traveller who had penetrated the wilderness of that unknown island. He told an unbelievable tale. Here without let or hindrance white skinned people walked naked. Not in the village or the nearby roads, but just about everywhere else.

Once the word was out the world (or rather the naturist world) beat a track to the island. And for a few years all went well. The island deserved the name it got—Paradise Island. Naked visitors could wander freely over most of it. They beat paths through the heavy maquis to their favourite beaches.

But then things began to go wrong. The French Navy needed more of the Island. Huge amounts were fenced off and the Naturists were left with just a mockery of their previous territory. But still the visitors flocked to the island. In spite of the overcharging, in spite of the serious fires that damaged the bush in spite of almost everything they came. Amazed and delighted by their freedom. And still they come, but as every year passes the discriminating among them look for better surroundings.

And so it was in those early days when nothing else existed. A far-sighted German saw the opportunity and on nearby Corsica he set out to found a new resort. A resort that would provide everything a naturist could desire but all within the confines of one organisation. So Tropicia was born.

It was the first of the many. The island's second resort, Corsicana, almost grew out of Tropicia. The two were and still are neighbours. Some visitors to this day hardly know or care whether they are in one or the other. But there is one essential difference. Tropicia has managed to remain much as it has always been. It has not sought to expand and develop the way its brash neighbour Corsicana has. Instead, it has contented itself with just making the most of what it has. The trees have grown taller

FIRST OF THE MANY

and the grass lusher with the years, but apart from this much remains as it always has.

How do you get there? First find your way to Corsica. It is such a popular holiday resort these days that should present no difficulties. The nearest big centre is Bastia. There is a busy little airport there. The resort lies about 56 kilometres south of Bastia and about 9 kilometres from the nearest town—Prunete. There is a bus service of sorts that runs up and down the main road just outside the camp. But the only really sensible way to get around is by car. My own recommendation is to fly to Bastia and there hire a car. You can complete all the arrangements at the

airport. Or you can make the arrangements before you leave through your travel agency.

Access to the resort is by a small road on your left if you are travelling south. Firstly, you will arrive at a large and distinctive gate house. It is really more impressive than functional. It retains the old-fashioned bar across the road, but this is more a symbol than anything else. Inside you will find about 500,000 square metres of mostly sandy terrain. At the gate they are likely to want to see your INF Passport. They frown on single men and dogs. However, if for some reason you qualify for admittance in all respects but lack the INF Passport, you need not

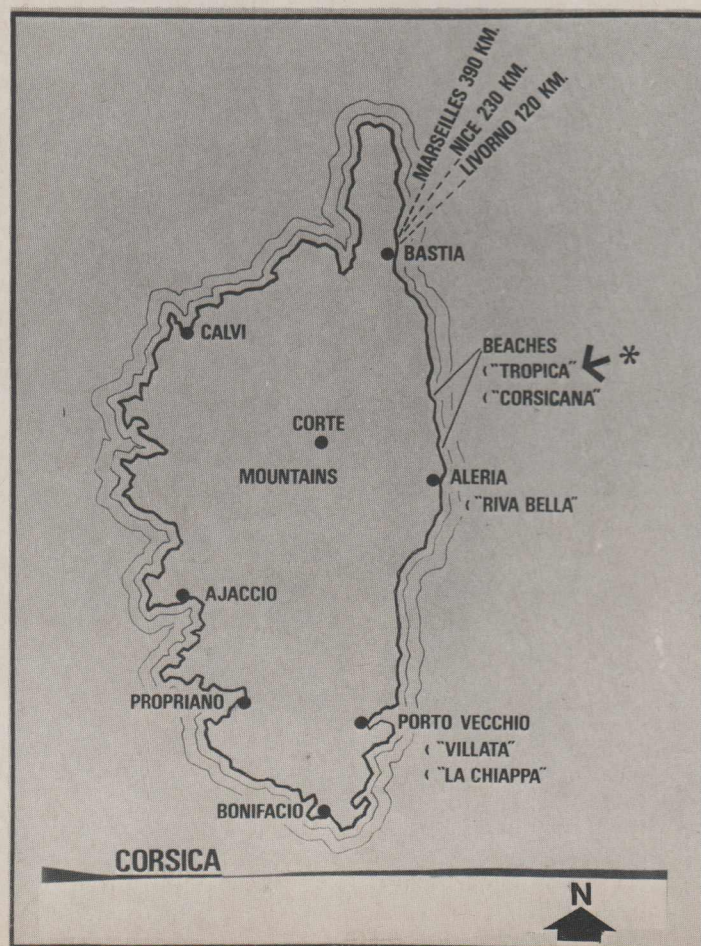
despair. They run the useful Holiday Cards system whereby they will, in effect, provide you with a passport for the duration of your holiday.

Above all, Tropicia values its sea front. There are approximately 3.5 kilometres of sandy beach alongside the sea. Unfortunately the actual beach is limited in depth so in the height of the season it is apt to become crowded. This is not really Tropicia's fault, since the beach is shared with visitors to other nudist resorts on either side. And who knows how many visitors gather on the free beach without belonging to either camp. As tourism to Corsica grows every year it is easy to imagine how the beach can become a powerful attraction. This is especially so since the public can gain access with little difficulty.

Accommodation is mostly in bungalows. They are a pretty varied lot, since they have gone up at different times over the years. When I was last there, there were no less than nine different categories, each one at a different price. It is dangerous these days to give prices in these pages, since they can change quite dramatically between seasons. For full information write to: Tropicia, Chiatra, F20230 San Nicolao, Corsica, France. As well as bungalows it is sometimes possible to hire a tent. And, of course, you can bring your own camping gear. You will find a charming restaurant inside the resort, but for English visitors at least it will prove rather expensive.

One of the main features of Tropicia is its restful quality. To be quite frank, I feel it is a resort that is likely to be more appreciated by the middle-aged visitor than by the very young. Teenagers may prefer next door Corsicana. Tropicia, on the other hand, has a quite pleasant dignity. As well it might, being the first and the most senior resort on the Island. This is not to say that families with teenaged sons or daughters should avoid Tropicia. Not at all. The parents can enjoy the quiet Tropicia while the kids can get all the kicks they want from the neighbouring camp of Corsicana.

Finally, one should remember that Corsica is a very small Island. It is quite possible to travel to all the other naturist resorts there in







Young English visitor to Tropicana needs only a hat and towel for her day on the beach. In the background beach cafe, since destroyed.



As you approach Tropicana watch out for this sign.

one day. And it is well worth while taking a look at what else is on offer. Especially recommended is a trip to Porto Vecchio and La Chiappa. Au Moulin, too, is well worth a visit. In fact, my ideal holiday would be to spend a few days at each and every camp on this marvellous holiday Island.

Accommodation

TYPE 1. Weatherproof simple huts. Bunk beds, simply furnished. Gas cooker, paraffin lamps.

TYPE 2A. Small wooden bungalow (two people), twin beds, simply furnished. Gas cooker, paraffin lamps and mains plumbing.

TYPE 2B. Small wooden bungalow (two people), bunk beds,

otherwise the same as Type 2A.

TYPE 3. Solid construction (up to four people), two rooms. First room, double bed, second room two bunk beds. Simply furnished, crockery, paraffin lamps, mains plumbing.

TYPE 4 (four people). Same as Type 3, only one room.

TYPE 5 (up to four people). Wood and stone bungalows. Electricity, water mains—otherwise the same as Type 4.

TYPE 6 (up to four people). Two separate self-contained units under one roof. Each unit as Type 4, but with additional basin, electric light, fridge and patio. At the rear, cold showers, w.c. common to the two units.

TYPE 7 (up to four people). Large wooden bungalow, lounge, with cooking facilities and equipment in one corner. Shower room and w.c.

TYPE 8. Stone bungalow (up to four people). Lounge with furnished kitchen. Two double bedrooms, one behind the other. Shower room with basin and w.c. Large covered patio.

TYPE 9. Wooden bungalow (up to four people). One living room with fully equipped kitchen in one corner, a bedroom with beds and one bedroom with bunks. Shower, w.c., and patio.

TYPE 10. Holiday house for six people. Area: 27 square metres. Detached and situated among bushes and trees. Tastefully equipped kitchen. People could sleep in the sitting area. Bedroom with double bed, small bedroom with bunk beds. Shower room with basin, separate w.c. Covered terrace.

TYPE 11. Luxury stone bungalow (for four people). One bedroom with double bed, one bedroom with bunk beds. Living room with fully equipped kitchen. Shower, w.c. and basin.



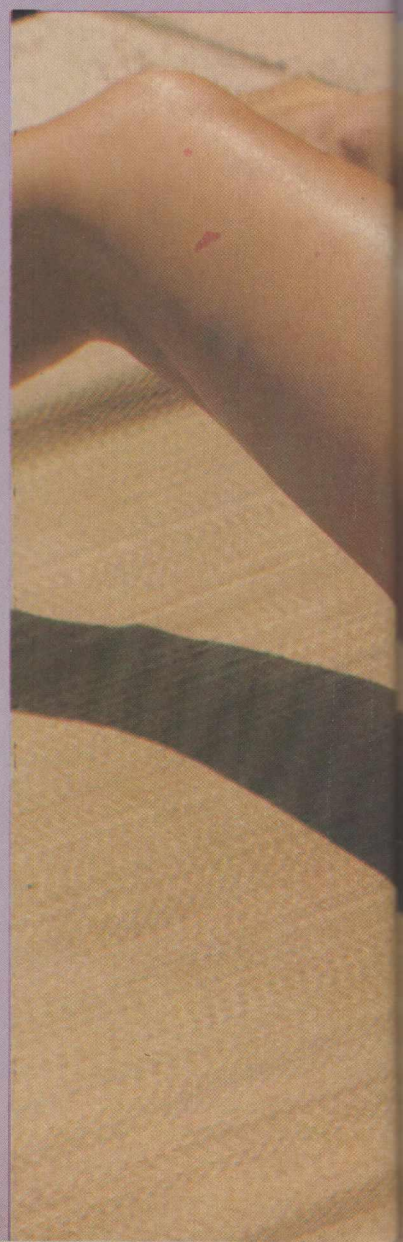
The entrance gate to Tropicana—seen from the outside.



French visitors stroll along an almost deserted beach at Tropicana. The secret—it's early in the season.



At this beginning of the new year Maggie Stillwell looks at the beaches of Europe. How far have we come? Where is it safe to bathe topless or even bottomless? How fares the battle for the beaches on the Greek and Spanish fronts? And how far can you go on the older strands of Germany and France? Nothing stands still. There will be more and more beaches where you can swim and sunbathe naked. In the end it may be that the naturist ideal may come true.



PROBING THE PRESS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN BEACHES



NOW that last summer is well and truly passed, where do we stand? Here is a summary compiled from various Press reports:

Australia: It is an old joke, but not so long ago international pilots would now and again announce 'Ladies and Gentlemen, we are about to land at Sydney. Please put your clocks back 10 years.' No longer. Topless and bottomless bathers have launched Australia right into the modern world. In Sydney and South Australia there are quite a few nudist beaches. But all is not happy. Brisbane is a black spot. Old-fashioned and shocked to the core at the sight of breasts, it still has to be hauled screaming into our times. Show a top there and

you'll as likely as not get fined. Show a bottom as well and you may reactivate the death penalty.

Sweden: Rather like Norway. Reasonably relaxed about the whole thing. But in Norway use the official beaches or keep out of sight. Religion is still a very strong force there.

West Germany: Strangely enough, the average German is not completely sold on nude bathing yet. Topless or bottomless is likely to run into trouble unless, of course, you use an accepted nude beach—like those on Sylt. Speaking on behalf of the Federal Republic, a spokesman is reported to have said they take a dim view of topless bathing, not because they have moral scruples,

**Ideal youth and beauty
on a beach in East
Germany.**



**From the far north to the deep south, but
the message is the same—sun, sea and the
joy of nude living.**

but because 'Doctors say it does a woman's breasts no good . . .' That official better check up with the hundreds of German women who visit Agde every year.

East Germany: Forget nudity again except on some very special beaches. On other public beaches it's out. The Eastern bloc by and large are pretty frigid about exposure of the body. In many ways if you visit these countries you are apt to think you are still in the 1930s rather than the 80s. And that goes even moreso for *Russia*. They are still evolving from the 'one piece' bathing costume. A true bikini on one of their staid beaches would cause an eruption something like what happened on

the bikini atoll when the atom bomb went off.

Greece: A dangerous place. Tricky and deceptive. For instance, the official tourist organisation publishes maps with nudist beaches marked. But if you're going to Corfu or Crete, watch it. Last summer the courts were active. Eight foreigners, including visitors from Germany, France and England, were fined 6,000 drachmas each. In another incident, other foreigners got away with a fine of 3,000 drachmas. Two English youths, lacking the funds to pay the fine, went to prison. These are not the first incidents. They happen every summer. Better give Greece a

‘Everything from tyres to toilets came in for the treatment.’

beaches. On these you will often find naked groups. Which leads us naturally to:

Spain: Here again there are official beaches—two of them on the Island of Ibiza, in out of the way places. The official bathing beaches are: Es Cavallet near Salinas, Agua Blanca near San Carlos, and Illetas on the Island of Formentera. Youths under the age of 18 are forbidden. On all other beaches even topless bathing is prohibited—that is officially. Unofficially you will find nudist beaches in Menorca. Again we will run more information on Menorca as it becomes available.

Monaco: Yes, they too have a law against topless or bottomless bathing. But with every year that passes they get less strict.

To sum up. Most places in

Europe are beginning to accept topless bathing, but there are still very few where bottomless is accepted. It is best to assume the worst and take no risks. Prison or a heavy fine will surely spoil any holiday.

But the position is so fluid that all I have written above could be outdated next season. Moreover, it is hard to be specific about every country. For instance, while I have mentioned that West Germany is not too keen on topless or bottomless, I'm aware that in some places it is different. For instance, the *International Herald Tribune* reports that on any sunny week-end day, thousands of bare Bavarians (yes, Bavarians!) line the Isar river south of Munich, completely naked. According to the same paper there is even a class dis-

tingtion evident. I quote: ‘Ugh, you went there! That’s all beer bellies and no-class people who stand around looking nervous. You should go to the lake near the television station.’

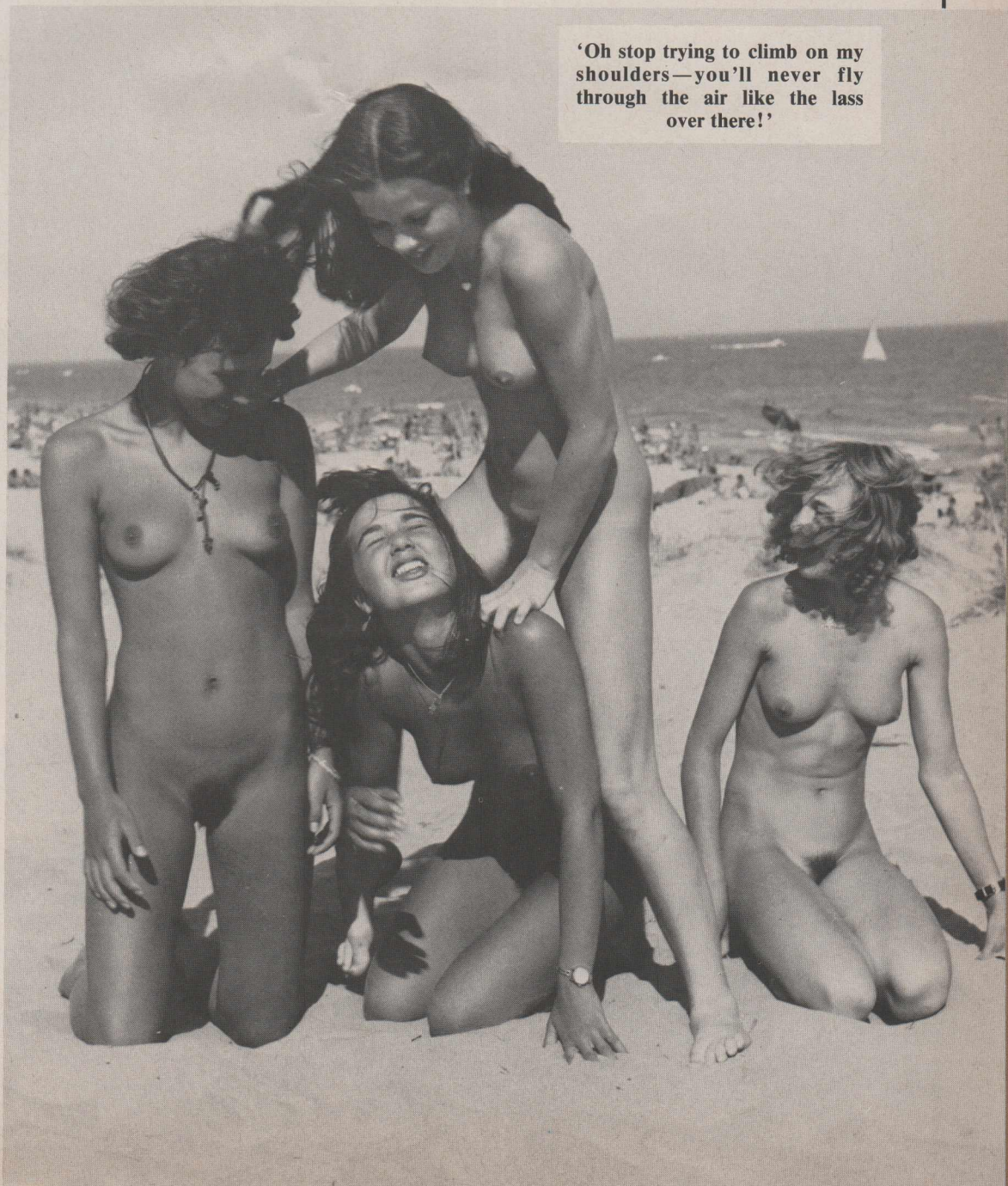
Incidentally, the same paper gives a set of instructions for beginners new to nude beaches. I summarise: The first rule, as you would guess, says simply ‘remove clothing.’ They then issue a warning about sunburn on ‘not-normally exposed areas.’ The next rule concerns looking. It’s not on, they say. Don’t do it. But then they suggest you cheat. ‘The trick is sneaky, sidelong glances and peripheral vision.’ Laughably they even suggest that for a closer direct look you throw something in the right direction and then approach to retrieve it.

If you are troubled by textiles



miss, unless you are prepared to lie naked on tolerated and pretty grotty beaches.

Italy: Another country where discretion is very necessary. Here you can be fined on the spot. Even topless bathing is difficult and fraught with danger. In spite of this, at a particular place on Ostia beach (near Rome) you can sunbathe and swim naked. We ran an article about this some months back. We have also mentioned the possibilities on the Island of Elba. Most of the lesser developed islands in the Mediterranean have coves and beaches that are difficult to get to. Some indeed need a boat. Some again can be reached by pedalo from ordinary tourist



‘Oh stop trying to climb on my shoulders—you’ll never fly through the air like the lass over there!’

they make two suggestions. If there is only one or perhaps two, you should take counter action. Attack. They instance a German who was annoyed by a textile pointing a camera. 'He jumped up, doffed his straw hat and performed a jig for her, sending her into hasty retreat.' Top marks to this unknown warrior. On the other hand, if there are a number of textiles showing their disapproval, better pack it in and go elsewhere. They round off by suggesting very sensibly that you should first get to know the area—checking carefully all local regulations and customs. You don't get much of an all-over tan in prison.

Strangely, most people seem to think they can get away with more when they are on holiday than when they are at home. The prime example of this is the sometimes bizarre behaviour of troops when they are on foreign soil. But the prize must be taken by a British couple who made love in the street in broad daylight on a Greek island while a crowd looked on. This must be the surest way of getting to prison ever invented. They got 30 days. But if more couples did it maybe the Greek police wouldn't have time to go rounding up the topless and bottomless bathers?

And now for something completely different. How many times have you seen an advertisement featuring a beautiful naked girl? The Americans were the first



'We love company. The more there are around the better. That's why we always holiday at Agde.'



'Me? I prefer solitude. That's why I always holiday in Yugoslavia, and seek out the quiet beaches.'

to start the trick. Now it's spread all over the world, except perhaps in the land of the Ayatollas. By association you were supposed to notice the product. Everything from tyres to toilets came in for the treatment. But recent research by a university in Minnesota throws considerable doubt on the idea. It appears that it only works when the nudity is relevant. For instance, nudity is relevant when advertising sun tan but not tyres. 180 men were shown slides in which products were illustrated by either women or pastoral scenes. All the men recalled far more of the brand names which were accompanied by the pastoral scenes. Perhaps the real trouble with the nudes is that people remember them at the expense of the product.

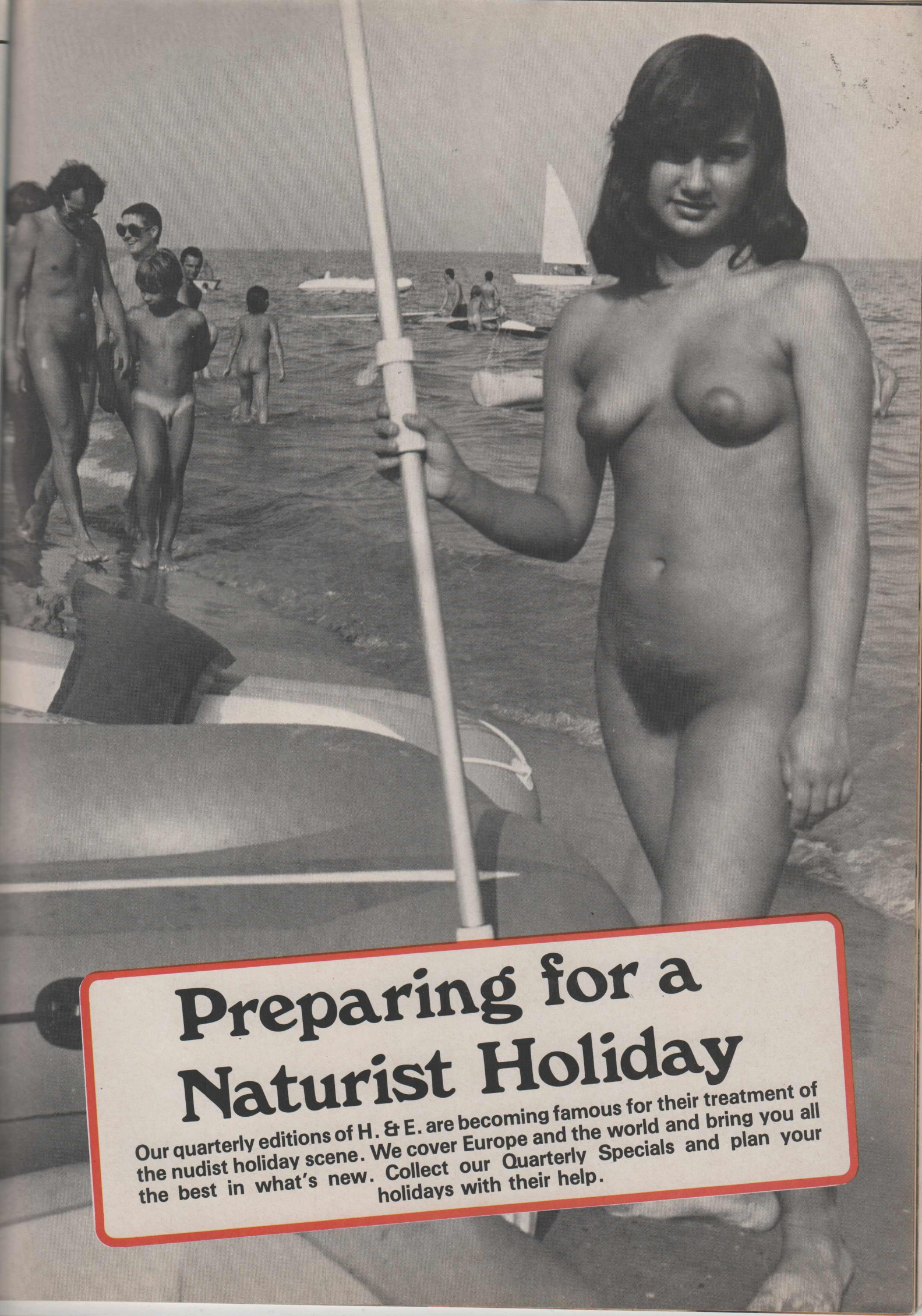
Some echoes of last summer's campaign for free beaches around Britain's coast are still heard. Comments both happy and sad have come our way. Here are some. First the Rev. Bernard Morgan: 'There is a difference between pornography and nakedness. Pornography is a description of manners, etc. of harlots, treatment of obscene subjects in writing and pictures. Here there is a deliberate attempt to incite

people's baser feelings and instincts. Nakedness is nakedness. Naked we come from our mother's womb and naked we return to God . . . so why all the fuss.'

Next another Rev.—R. Boyer of the Isle of Wight: 'Nobody is compelled to go to a beach open to Naturists, so the only motive for opposing one would be the desire to impose one's own shame and fear on others. That has been the motive of tyrants of all kinds throughout history. In contrast, some of the most inspiring works of art have been based on the human body; the Italian churches are full of them.'

Finally, for those of you who would like to go nude on Britain's beaches here is the latest list we have: Fairlight Glen near Hastings, Sussex; Ardeer Beach, Stevenston, Ayrshire; Gales Beach, Irvine, Ayrshire; Cleats Shore, near Lagg, Isle of Arran; Corton Beach near Lowestoft, Suffolk; Leysdown-on-Sea, Isle of Sheppey, Kent; Black Rock, near the new Marina, Brighton; Long Rock, Swalecliff, Whitstable, Kent. Our congratulations to the Central Council for British Naturism.

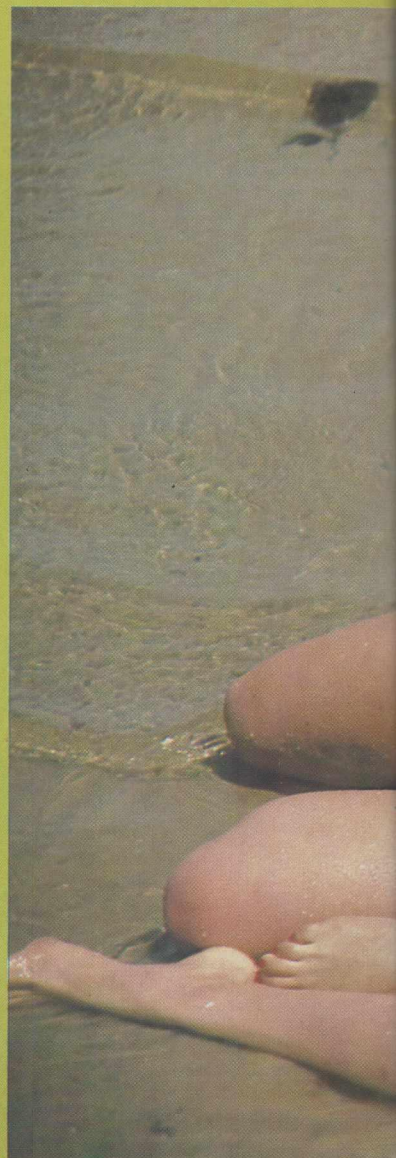




Preparing for a Nudist Holiday

Our quarterly editions of H. & E. are becoming famous for their treatment of the nudist holiday scene. We cover Europe and the world and bring you all the best in what's new. Collect our Quarterly Specials and plan your holidays with their help.

ONE
DAY
AT
SHELL
BAY



Amateur photographers are coming out of their studios and dark rooms. Instead of picturing the beauties of the landscape on old large format cameras they record nature's fauna on 35mm cameras. In this case it was some lively lasses from Bournemouth who acted as the targets. Raymond Lark (our notorious bird fancier) describes with a certain relish his unusual day on a famous shore line. Join him.





'WE are going to Bournemouth for some figure photography next week-end.' It was Tony on the line. He often organises this sort of excursion. 'Would you like to come?' I thought for a moment. 'Where exactly are you working?' I asked. 'Oh, bit south of Bournemouth—Shell Bay, I think it's called, nearer Poole.' Something rang a bell. Wasn't it there one councillor had complained of nude swimmers. Then it dawned. It was a chief constable who said the sand hills and dunes were alived with naked homosexuals. The papers took it up and a woman naturist wrote in to say that she and other naturists frequently sunbathed nude there, but never had they seen hoards of naked men 'leaping about.' On



the contrary, they would welcome a little company.

Here was a chance to discover the truth and at the same time do a little naturist photography. 'O.K.' I said to Tony, 'Count me in—what hotel are we staying at?'

Friday night in the hotel lounge found a motley lot of young, middle-aged and even elderly photographers—all amateurs—drinking, talking about their cameras and chatting up the girls who were going to be our models the following day.

Saturday broke beautifully clear. The sun shone from a cloudless sky. A fleet of cars soon deposited us all, girls and photographers, at the car park beside the beach. It was a matter of moments only before we were walking across the beach and into

the dunes. On the way we passed a number of people obviously out for a morning stroll. In the dunes we failed to spot a single homosexual 'leaping around naked.' To tell the truth, we did see a couple of men, but thought it wise not to enquire of their sexuality.

It soon became evident that in such a group one photographer wanted one sort of picture while another required something else. Basically we were split three ways. There were the fellows who most appreciated the scantily clothed model. There were those who like the girls to model nude but with the exaggerated poses of the 'glamour girl.' Finally there were those of us who wanted the natural nude type of picture—the kind you find in most naturist magazines.





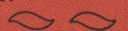
The result was that we had to take turns. Yet any keen cameraman finds it hard to wait, camera in hand and doing nothing. The end result was that we all took at least some of the other fellow's type of thing. I couldn't resist it myself and took one or two pictures probably more at home in a glamour magazine than H. & E. But then variety, they say, is the spice of life.

Now and again a curious sightseer would approach and goggle at a safe distance. We took no notice. Neither did the girls. Eventually we grew a little tired of the dunes as backgrounds and decided to get into the shallow surf.

The girls led the way as we streamed across the beach. Nude, the girls delighted in the warm

water. For the camera addicts it was different. Many got wet feet. While the beach was almost deserted, some few could hardly believe their eyes. A young man out strolling on the beach ran several hundred yards to grab one picture and then retreat just as fast. Another group, in a motorboat, out cruising in the harbour, spotted the girls through their binoculars and nearly wrecked themselves in their desire to get a closer look.

Were we satisfied with the day? Personally, I must say I was. But so you can judge for yourselves, here are some of the pictures. My favourite—the girl on the air mattress—was an exposure error. But then one has to be lucky sometimes.





CLUB DIRECTORY

BRITISH

CCBN MEMBERS

Adventurers Sun Club, near Maidstone and Sittingbourne.

The Arcadians, near Brentford and Southend-on-Sea.

Avon Outdoor Club, near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick and Banbury.

Aztecs Sun Park, near East Grinstead, Redhill and Horsham.

Berkshire Sun and Leisure Club, Bracknell, Berks. A. G. Scott, 40 Spinis, Roman Wood, Bracknell, Berks.

Blackthorns Sun Club, near Sharnbrook, between Bedford and Kettering.

Bournemouth & District Outdoor Club, near Ringwood.

Brighton Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Newick.

Bristol Solarians, near Chipping Sodbury.

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., near Norwich.

Cambridge Outdoor Club, near Cambridge, Ely and St. Ives (Cams.).

Diogenes Club, near Gerrards Cross, Uxbridge and Watford.

Far West Sun Club, Secretary: Mrs. S. C. Moore, Greenbank House, Newbridge, Truro, Cornwall.

Four Seasons Club, near Worthing, Shoreham-on-Sea and Brighton.

Gardenia Sun Club, near London (North), St. Albans.

Greenacres Sun Club, Durham area.

Haslemere Sun Club, also near Hindhead and Liphook.

Hastings Sun Club, also Folkestone area.

Heritage Sun Club, near Reading and Aldershot.

Invicta Sun Club, between Dover and Deal.

Isis Sun Club, between Bridgend and Cowbridge.

Lakeland Outdoor Club, Cumbria area.

Lancashire Sun Society, between Southport and Preston.

Leicester Sun Group, between Coventry and Leicester.

Liverpool Sun and Air Society.

London Health and Sauna Club.

Manchester Sun and Air Society.

Manere Sun Club, near Godalming, Fareham and Hindhead.

Marguerite Sun Club, near Oakham, Stamford and Uppingham.

Naturist Foundation, near London (South).

North Western Sunbathing Society, Stockport, Macclesfield, Congleton area.

Nottingham Sun Club, Mansfield, Nottingham, Derby area.

Novasun Club, near Sutton, Dorking, Reigate, Guildford.

Oakwood Sun Club, near Brentwood.

Pendale Sun Club, near Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield.

Phera Sunbathing Group (The Naturo-sophists), London.

Phoenix Sun Club, near Buxton, Congleton, Macclesfield and Leek.

Pines Sun Club, near Ross, Newent, Gloucester and Cinderford.

Ribble Valley Club, near Preston, Blackburn and Wallasey.

Ridgewood Sun Club, near Bristol, Portishead and Clevedon.

Scottish Outdoor Club, near Glasgow.

Sheplegh Court, near Totnes, Brixham, Dartmouth.

Solway Sun Club, near Carlisle, Brampton and Longtown.

South Hants Sun Club, near Portsmouth and Southampton.

South Western Outdoor Club, near Yeovil, Sherborne, Evershot.

Springwood Sun Club, near Colchester.

Sunbeam (South East Essex) Sun Club, near Billericay, Wickford.

Sungrove Sun Club, near Grimsby and Brigsley.

Sunnybroom Sun Club, near Aberdeen, Balmoral and Peterhead.

Surrey Downs Sun Club, near Guildford and Dorking. Membership Secretary, Surrey Downs S.C., 18 St. Johns Road, Feltham, Middlesex TW13 6NW.

Tando, near Newcastle.

Valerian Sun Club, near Ryde and Newport, I.O.W.

Valley Sun Club, near Leeds, Bradford and Ripon.

Western Sun Folk, near Monmouth and Chepstow.

Westways Sun Club, near Malmesbury and Minety.

White House Club, near London (South).

White Rose Club, York, near Strensall and Flaxton.

Wrekin Sun Club, serves area bounded by Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Market Drayton and Telford.

Yorkshire Sun Society, near Hull.

Zaribah Sun Club, near Hastings, Rye, Tenterden.

The following directory is published to give you an idea of the locations of various clubs. If you want further information you should write to the address of the country concerned given at the foot of the directory. Club Secretaries in England, France and Germany are invited to submit addresses for publication together with any news, notes or matters of general interest to Nudists throughout Europe. Published in English, French and German, this section can provide all of Europe with a common meeting ground. We hope in the future to bring you items of interest from the INF, FFN and the United Kingdom Organisations.

Readers in the United Kingdom should note that there are two major organisations working quite independently. They are the CCBN (Central Council for British Naturism, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent, BR5 4ET) and the Eureka Group, 50 Marling Way Gravesend, Kent, DA12 4DN. The former is the older and more traditional. The latter breaks away from the more conventional approaches to social nudity.

INDEPENDENT CLUBS

Apollo Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Brighton.

Eureka Club, M. Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St. Albans. Tel. (092 73) 730 73.

Irish Naturist Association, Belfast, North Ireland and Dublin, Republic of Ireland.

South London Sun Society.

Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans. Tel. (09273) 7 21 26.

Woodlands, Birmingham and Coventry area. Address: Woodlands, Fillongley, near Coventry, CV7 8EM.

Further information about the CCBN clubs in the above list can be obtained from CCBN, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent, BR5 4ET. They issue a handbook, price £1.

The INTERNATIONAL NATURIST GUIDE lists clubs in all countries of the world and is available from your national organisation. Price in the United Kingdom £4. The CCBN also issue the BRITISH NATURIST HANDBOOK listing the clubs belonging to the CCBN. Price £1.

BELGIUM

BRUSSELS

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, 1000 Brussels.

GENT

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, 9000 Gent.

HASSELT

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, 3500 Hasselt.

LIEGE

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, 4000 Liege.

Nature et Sport, c/o J. M. Renkin, rue Bidaut 21 A, 4000 Liege 1.

VOTTEM

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

National Organisation: Federation Belge de Naturisme (FBN), St. Thomasstraat 24, 2000 Antwerpen.

FRENCH

PARIS

Some 15 clubs around Paris, among which are:-

Gymno-Club du Thelle.

Centre Gymnique de l'Oise.

La Fertile.

Sport et Nature.

Air et Soleil.

Héliomonde.

Club Gymnique de France.

La Regnière Vilette D'Anthon, 38230 Pont de Chéry.

LILLE

Plein Air Relax Club.

REIMS

Centre Gymnique de Champagne.

ORLEANS

Les Bouges, Club du Soleil, Joi et Sante d'Orléans.

Puy la Lande.

BORDEAUX

Centre Hélio-Marin de Montalivet.

NICE

La Gorghetta.

CORSICA

Robinson Club La Chiappa.

Corsicana.

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Port Nature.

Verdon Provence.

Le Romegas.

VALENCIENNE

Centre Gymnique du Nord.

MAUBEUGE

Natura.

LE HAVRE

Bois des 40 Acres.

ROUEN

La Bouleautière.

EVREUX

Bois de Glisolles, Pomme Doree, BP 25, 27000-Evreux.

NANCY

Le Cardinal, Union Gymnique de Lorraine, Les Ombelles, Haut-du-Lievre, Ent.C., 54000-Nancy.

STRASBOURG

Centre Gymnique d'Alsace, BP 161, 67025 Strasbourg.

RENNES

Club du Soleil, Section de Rennes, BP 724, 35009 Rennes.

BOURGES

Les Amis du Châtaignier, 18250 La Chapelotte.

LAVAL

Club du Soleil, 20 Place Pasteur, 53000 Laval.

DIJON

Club du Soleil, 7 rue du Dr. Chaussier, 21000 Dijon.

Association Familiale des Loisirs Naturistes Ecordal, 081 30 Attigny.

Domaine de L'Escrive, 83210 Belgentier en Provence.

Sanna Finn, open air, Route d'Agde, 34420 Cers (Beziers).

Gymno Club Mediterranee, Serignan Plage Nature, 34410 Serignan near Beziers, France.

French readers can write for more information to: La Fédération Française de Naturisme (F.F.N.), 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris. There are many more clubs in France than those listed above.

Selected French holiday resorts for nudists:

La Conche, C. et J. Bennetot, Relais de la Conche, St. Montant 07220-Viviets.

La Châtaigneraie, La Châtaigneraie, 07-La Bastide de Virac.

Alpes et Soleil, 38 Sinard.

Le Genèse, Méjannes-le-Clap, 30710 St. Jean-de-Maruejois.

La Gorgetta, Jean Goffin, La Gorgetta, 06720 Levens.

Le haut Chandelalar, Brianconnet 06850 St. Auban, Ales-Maritimes.

Domaine Naturiste de Bélyzy, Bélyzy-Provence, 84410 Bedoin.

Corsicana, Club Corsicana, Linguissette, 20430 San Nicolao.

Montalivet, Centre Hélio-Marin 33930 Montalivet.

Le Moulin, Ernest Ridet, Au Moulin, 20210 Porto-Vecchio, BP 36.

La Chiappa, S.A. 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

Tropica, Mme. Jeanne Lovati, Centre Naturiste Tropica, 20230 San-Nicolao.

Port Nature au Cap d'Agde, Club Nature, Port Nature 34300 Cap d'Agde.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, BP 1 30430 Barjac.

Le Romegas, Jeannine Schillemans, Le Romegas 26174 Bois-les-Baronnies.

Ran du Château de Fereyrolles, Robert Malafosse, 7 rue de la République, 30100 Ales.

La Grande Cosse, Dr. Escola, 38 rue Paul Riquet, 34500 Beziers, France.

National Organisation: Fédération Française de Naturisme (FFN), 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris.

GERMAN

BONN

Familienportbund Bonn e. V.

AACHEN

Natur- und Sportfreunde Aachen e. V.

AUGSBURG

Sportbund Helios Augsburg e. V.

BAMBERG

Natur- und Sportbund.

BAYREUTH

Sportbund für Körperkultur.

BERLIN

Verein für Körperkultur Berlin-Südwest.

BREMEN

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung.

FKK Wiking Bremen, e. V. 28 Bremen, D-Bonhoefferstrasse 36.

DORTMUND

Sport und Naturfreunde Dortmund, 46 Dortmund-Hombruch, Postfach 169.

DUISBURG

Lichtbund Niederrhein, 4 dusseldorf, Postfach 5131.

DUSELDORF

Sportfreunde Düsseldorf, Dusseldorf 1, Postfach 7113.

FRANKFURT MAIN

Orplid e. V.

FREIBURG

BfL Sonnenland.

FRIEDRISCHEN

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

HAMBURG

FKK-Sportgemeinschaft Hamburg.

HANOVER

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KASSEL

FKK-Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KEMPTEN

Bund Alpenland.

KIEL

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung, e. V., 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

KOLN

Sport und Saunafrunde e. V., 5 Köln 1, Peter Dedenbachstr. 2.

COLOGNE

Helio-Familienportgemeinschaft.

LUNEBURG

Sun, Lüneburger Heide, 314 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

MUNICH

Freie Sportgemeinschaft AMPERLAND: SAARBRÜCKEN

Lichtbund Saar e. V., Postfach 973, 6600 Saarbrücken Grounds, 6619 Nunkirchen-Munchweiler (3.3 km from Losheim Schließgelände).

STUTTGART

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung. Stuttgarter Sonnenfreunde.

WIESBADEN

Orplid, 62 Wiesbaden, Postfach 4532.

MANNHEIM

Freier Lichtbund Mannheim, 68 Mannheim 1, Postfach 711.

Coburg

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Coburg, 8634 Rodach b. Coburg Feldstrasse 1.

NUREMBERG

Sportgemeinschaft Sonnenfreunde, 85 Nuremberg, Drahtzieherstrasse 25.

REGENSBURG

Naturistenbund Donau, 84 Regensburg, Postfach 326.

REUTLINGEN

Bund für Familiensport Reutlingen, D741 Reutlingen, Postfach 382.

SCHWENNINGEN

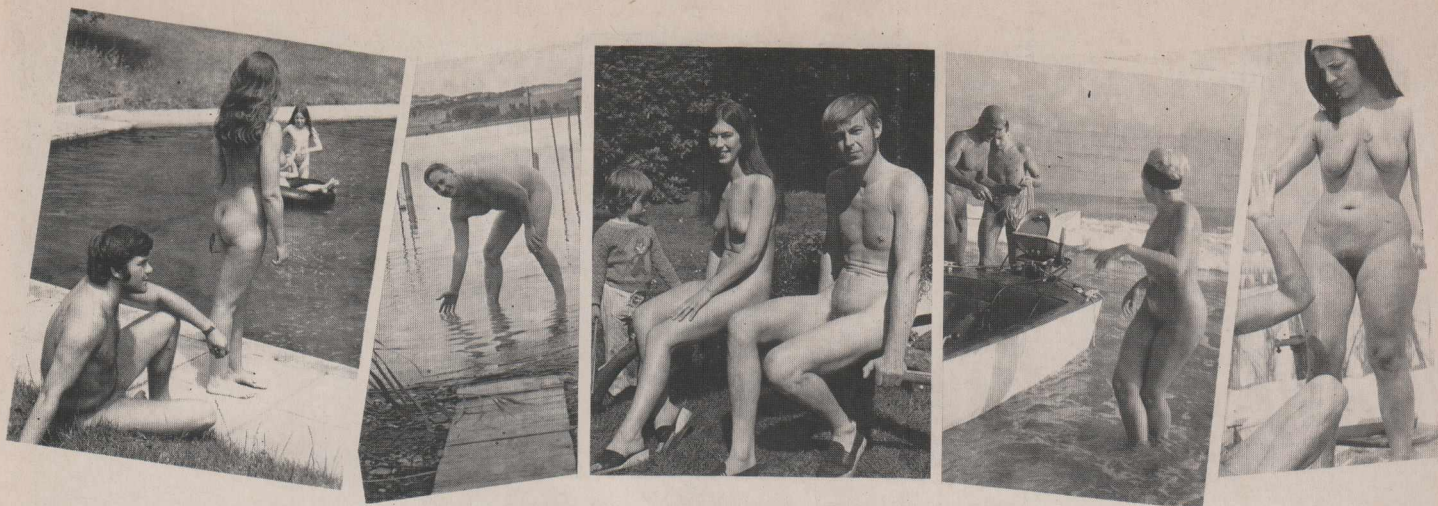
BfL Schwarzwald, 1229, 7730 Villingen.

National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikorperkultur e.V. (DFK), Königstr. 22, 3 Hannover 1.

For German readers, Richard Danehis Verlag, 2 Hamburg 50, Postfach 500 344 have published in 1974 a booklet 'FKK Reiseführer.' It contains the addresses of all the above German clubs and many more both in Germany and elsewhere in Europe.

CANADA

Readers should write to either of the



International Naturist Federation News

NATURISM AND EUROPEAN ELECTIONS

Shortly before the recent European Elections a letter, of which the text was proposed by the 'Commission of Information of the FFN' in co-operation with the INF President, F. Mollaert, and the INC Central Committee, was addressed to the principal leaders of the 11 French election lists. Here is the text:

Dear Sir,

No doubt you are well aware of the important position now taken by the European naturist movement. It was in Europe, at the beginning of the 20th century, that this movement was born. At the present time, the western European naturist federations affiliated to the International Naturist Federation (INF) consist of over three hundred thousand naturists affiliated to national organisations through over five hundred clubs.

Further development of naturist activities is going ahead in three spheres:

In the public domain, in particular on beaches and the banks of lakes and rivers.

On an infrastructure of fully-equipped naturist clubs and centres.

In towns, through urban activities organised by the naturist clubs (swimming pools, volleyball, etc.).

This development cannot but keep increasing. Statistics show a doubling in the number of participants in every five or six years, according to the country. There should be added the naturist tourists from the community countries and also from the countries outside. It is also necessary to take count of the hundreds of thousands of practising but independent naturists.

In 1978, for example, a million practised naturism in France, where, as in Germany, a large part of the coastline is now open to naturists. We must point out, however, that certain difficulties remain:

The widely differing legal position of naturism in the various countries due to uncertainty or the lack of formal legislation; extending from a well-understood liberalism to almost total prohibition.

The difficulties now met with regarding the organisation of week-end naturist clubs around the major cities.

This is why I should like you to state whether, in the event of your election to the European Parliament you would be disposed to undertake to do your best to:

1. Propose the drafting of a bill at European level motivated by:

The increasing number of practising naturists.

The extent of the annual naturist tourist trade and its future, setting out clearly what would be permitted and what would not, in a law respecting liberty. It would therefore be helpful to promote a European Naturist Code.

2. Obtain official recognition of the International Naturist Federation from the European Assembly, a recognition which has been granted to a national naturist federation in each country of the Community.

I trust that you will appreciate the importance of this request and look forward to a reply which our organisation will be happy to distribute to its members and sympathisers.

Yours truly

Signed J. Dumont,
FFN President.

CORSICA

Tolerated Naturist Beach

During a meeting at the Sous-Prefecture of Sartène, in the presence of the representatives of the 'Commandement de la Gendarmerie Nationale' and the departmental directorate of equipment, the general problems with respect to the holiday period were examined. One of them is of particular interest to the naturists who until this date only had beaches attached to naturist holiday centres available to them. In order to avoid any incidents which the presence of naturists could provoke on beaches, it was decided that their presence be tolerated only on the 'Plage Bleu' (blue beach) which is the south part of the beach of Tradicetto. The police were instructed particularly to watch all the other sections.

(Resumé of a communication from the Sous-Prefet and the Mayor of Sartène).

Naturism-Info N° 11

Your Nude Holiday

Jet to Yugoslavia and enjoy nudist beaches. But don't rough it. Live in a 3-star hotel set on the edge of a national park with views across the water to Rovinj. 190 rooms on only 3 floors with Bar, Restaurant, Lounges, TV and Lift. Costs: Full board, 14 days, about £195; 7 days, about £125. How's that for value! **Any reader, single, married or just attached can join the party.** We are going to stay at a textile hotel and those who wish can spend as much time as they like at nearby Naturist beaches, and perhaps even visit a total nude environment resort. As a group we can gain many advantages—car hire—group travel—and the considerable pleasure of having friends who speak your own language. Fill in the coupon now for mid-June or mid-September holidays.

DETAILS, PLEASE, OF YOUR NUDIST HOLIDAYS.

NAME

ADDRESS

POST TO: EDITOR, H.&E., HALLGATE, LONDON SE3 9SG.

FREE BEACHES IN BRITAIN: THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

During last summer a number of beaches were designated as officially accepted for nude sunbathing and swimming. Here is the list as at our date of going to press. We expect by the time this appears there may have been several more designations.

Corton, Lowestoft, Suffolk.
Fairlight Cove, Hastings, Sussex.
Leysden-on-Sea, Isle of Sheppey, Kent.
Reculver, Herne Bay, Kent.
Slapton Sands, Devon.
Ardeer Beach, Stevenston, Scotland.
Gailes Beach, Irvine, Scotland.

You may think the winter months hardly the time for photography. Murray James suggests you try artificial light in your own home. There is lots of fun in trying out your skill. Out of doors, you have to take the sun as you find it. No chance of shifting that around! But indoors a whole new world of photography opens up. Here you can shift your sun, or suns, for that matter.

SUMMER IN WINTER

WHAT are you doing talking about figure photography in the month of January? Certainly outdoor figure work is quite impossible in Northern Europe at this time of the year, but have you thought about what can be done indoors?

In our photo competition we give preference to the outdoor shot because that is most in keeping with naturism. But now and again we do admit indoor work.

Perhaps the ideal place to work is in your own home. What do you need. Firstly some sort of backdrop. What you need is something plain and simple. The usual household background is littered with distracting objects. What can you do? You can clear away furniture until you find a clear wall background. But even then you are in trouble. Wallpaper is distracting and even if you are lucky enough to have a plain wall you will find your picture cut in two by the junction of wall and floor, usually with its attendant skirting board.

There are two ways out of this. The first is to get some form of platform which will lift your model above the floor, hence losing the skirting. The other, more difficult and expensive, is to buy a roll of background paper. This you attach near the ceiling and roll down and out on to the



PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. They are **Female Beauty**, **Group Pictures** and **Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Naturist subject. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also, we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we cannot use colour prints, only transparencies. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

floor. Your model then stands on the paper and it forms a perfectly smooth backdrop. The paper can be obtained in different colours, but personally I prefer the plain white.

Eventually the paper where your model stands will get dirty and creased. You just scissor this off and pull out more from the roll.

If all this puts you off, then by all means use the normal household furniture. But take care. Get in close and fill the frame with your subject so as to keep out unwanted background objects.

Now what about lighting? The easiest, cheapest and most available is the light from your windows. Your model will have to get as close to the window as

possible. This may entertain the neighbours, so it is only really practical if you are not overlooked.

Even then, there are limitations. Most windows stop well above the floor. Consequently the light is only enough to cover the top half of the model. Never mind, make the most of it. You will find the light is highly directional and consequently dramatic. Great for moody character studies.

But if you want more conventional results, you will have to find some way of throwing extra light into the shadow side of the figure. The conventional wisdom dictates using some sort of reflector. The idea is that you get hold of a large piece of card or

board and stretch over it some highly reflective surface. Aluminium cooking foil is often mentioned. But it needs to be crumpled first to prevent 'hot-spots' of light reflected on to the body. My experience leads me to believe that reflectors very often fail to work and generally speaking are not worth the time and trouble.

That is especially true when you think of how cheap electronic flash has become. Even the automatic kind is now cheap enough in its smaller versions to be available to all. And I do recommend the automatic flash. That is the one which is controlled by a tiny 'electric eye' which measures the amount of light thrown back from the model and shuts down the flash automatically. The old way, where you had to use a flash factor to calculate the camera aperture, is just too much bother.

But once again you are going to have rather a harsh and directional light from just one flash. Nevertheless, if you take care good results can be obtained. Don't expect too much from your first attempt. Use it to experiment. Do not take the manufacturer's recommendations for granted. They always say their product is better than it really is. I have been told the reason for this is that the standard method of power measurement is quite different from the conditions that obtain in the work-a-day world. However, this may be, it is wise to assume that your flash gun is less powerful than advertised. Experiment and you will discover exactly how to use it. In everything photographic, experiment all the time.

The next step with your lighting is to add another flash unit. Again, I suggest this be one of the small, cheap compact automatic units. At the same time you should buy a slave unit. These compact little electronic devices will trigger your second flash immediately the first one fires. It does this simply by picking up the flash of the first—but it does it at the speed of light.

Now with two lights you can work wonders. But we will discuss this in detail later on.

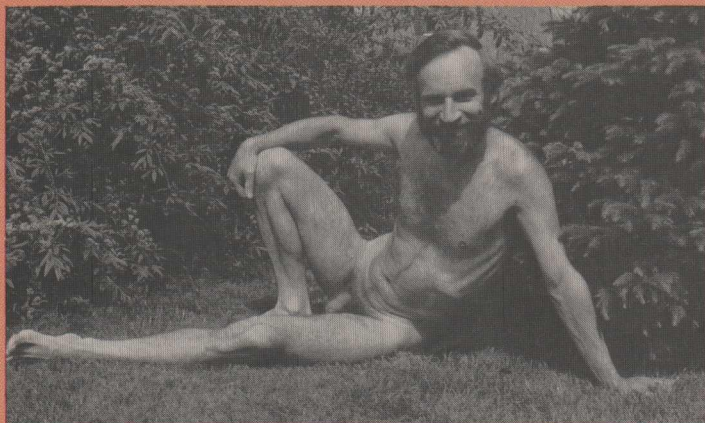




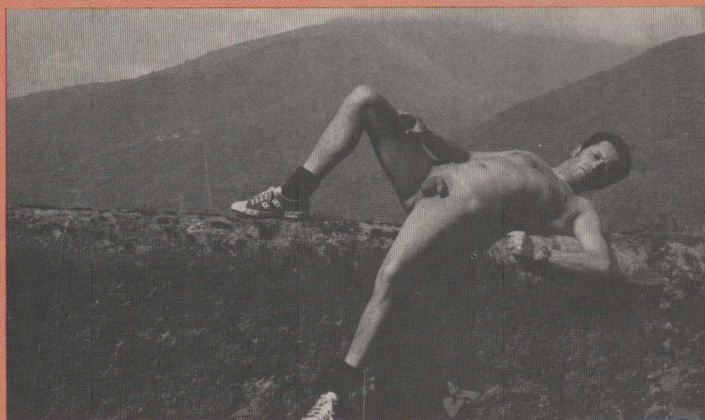
A hot
day, a cool
pool, and the
delights
of a
shower.

Male

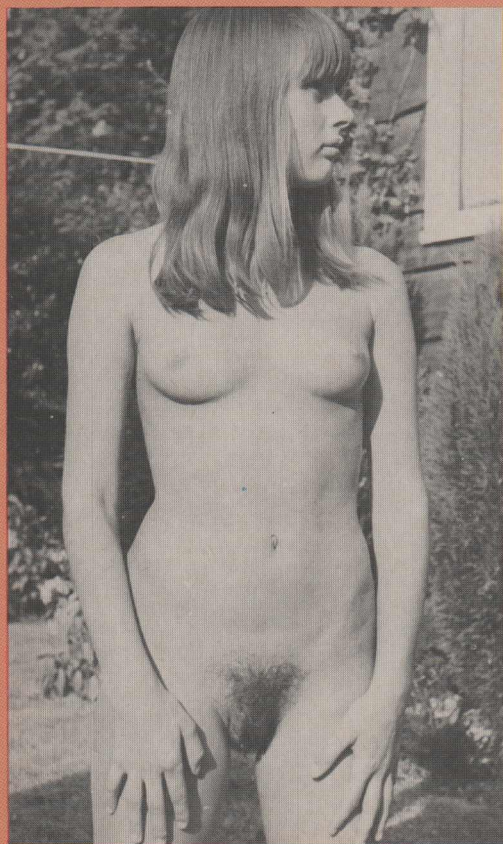
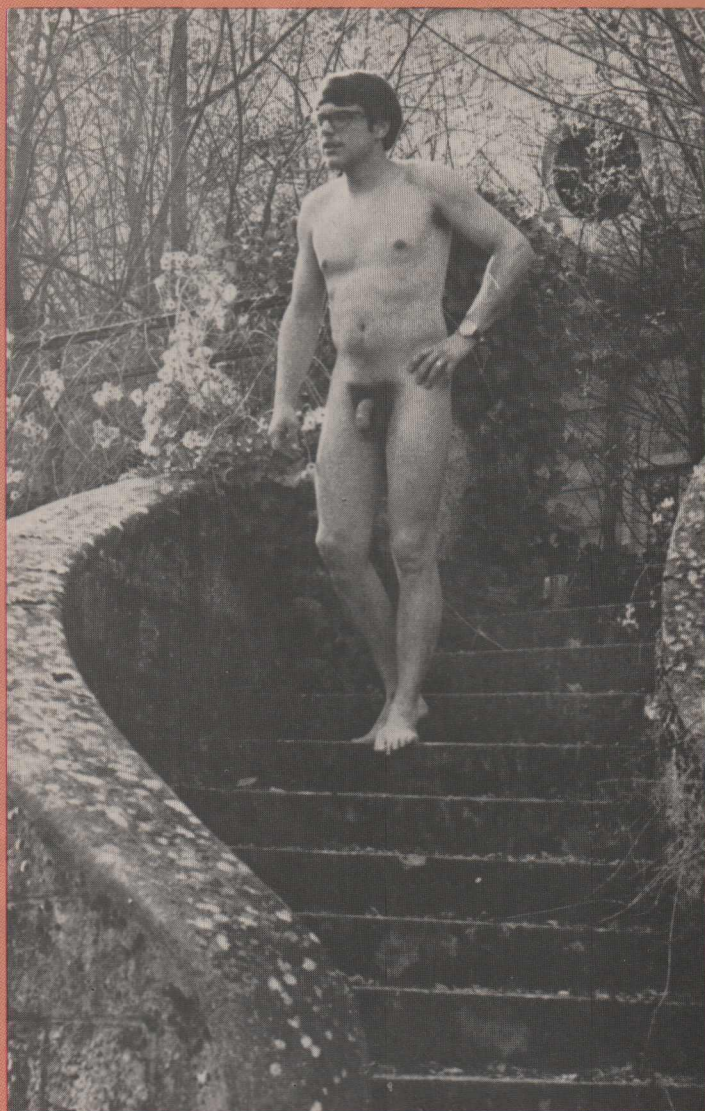
FIRST [right] Michel picks up £10 for this picture, which owes as much to composition as skill in photography.



SECOND [above] £5 for five minutes in your back garden is not bad. Why not try it yourself.



THIRD [above] And £3 for the runner-up. But we bet he didn't stay on that fence a moment longer than it took for the exposure.



FIRST: Mr. Newman picks up £10 for this appealing picture taken at a North London sun club.



SECOND. Classical study beside the sea nets £5 for reader D. Chapman.

Female Form



THIRD. Trevor Frank caught this beauty with his camera and will shortly collect his prize.

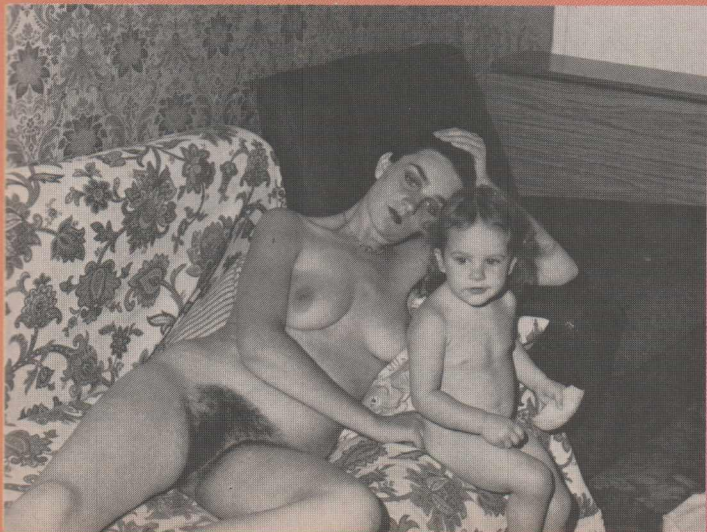
READERS-
PHOTO
COMPETITION

Groups

FIRST [right] A happy shower for two, but unhappily the £10 doesn't know where to go. No address!

SECOND [below] This fine family study from Avon, France, depicts the ideal of family naturism and picks up £5.

THIRD [bottom] We have seen Lynn before, but welcome to young Jemma.



MONEY FOR YOU

LET'S start with the men. All are good this month. And, as often happens, I have great difficulty in choosing between first and second place. In the end I decided that Michel Ratier of Avon in France deserved to be the winner. For he has made a picture that is something more than just a figure study. He has used the surroundings most effectively. Look how the sweep of the stairway carries the eye bang on to the figure. Clever composition that—and a £10 reward.

Second prize goes to August Verswyvel of Keerbergen in Belgium. It's a delightful picture probably taken in his own garden. If I could criticise anything it would be the rather heavy shadows around the eyes and chin. If he had tilted his head back ever so little it would have resulted in a great improvement.

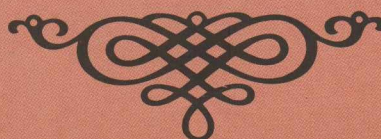
Third goes to a reader from Paris. But only third because the pose is so difficult it makes one feel uncomfortable just looking at it.

Now the groups. First prize

goes to an unknown reader who forgot to put his name and address on the back of the print. Second goes to Michel again, but only second because I preferred the action in the picture placed first. Third? Well, it is winter so we will accept the indoor picture by Nik Kileen of London.

Finally, the girls. Just managed to keep Michel from picking up another prize! But that is because this section is the most difficult. The competition is hottest here. So first prize to Mr. Newman of London for his piquant study of a charming young woman. Second goes to a Mr. Chapman of Nottingham and third to Trevor Frank who lives just north of London. In both second and third the quality could have been better. As you can see, one is too light, the other too dark.

Looking through our files I seem to have fewer entries from France and Germany for the section featuring girls. So come on, readers in those countries, let us see more of your girls.



TONGUE IN CHEEK

I HAVE been a regular subscriber to Health and Efficiency for many years now, and I must say how pleased I am to note a move towards a more broad-minded view in your periodical.

In the past, Naturism had a fuddy-duddy image at its best and a hypocritical image at its worst.

Now, what do we find? Pre-marital sex is looked upon as natural. Sex is natural—and, after all, now that we have the pill and can cure venereal disease, we can all indulge in pre-marital sexual relationships to our hearts content. Sex is now called 'love.' We don't have sexual intercourse, we 'make love' or 'sleep together' or 'go to bed.'

As for the old ideas of infidelity, deceit, lying and jealousy, it is now all out in the open. If you fancy 'a bit of fresh' why be inhibited about it? Be frank with your partner. She/he probably fancies a change him/herself.

The thing to do is get into the wife swapping and husband swapping scene.

Hopefully, these services will

soon be available in the Naturist Movement. After all, let's be SENSIBLE and LOGICAL. Isn't variety the spice of life—and all this jealousy and possessiveness, isn't it all a little childish and selfish?

Men and women—the whole world of mankind should love one another, sexually as well as emotionally—and what better place to do it than in a Naturist Club where there is no shame

about the body and no silly inhibitions and prurient curiosity.

Then there is this narrow-minded silliness and shocked disapproval about incest. After all, if we love one another, our mother, our father, our sister or our brother, isn't sexuality merely an extension of that love? If we feel inclined, why not? With the pill, there is no need to worry about the unwanted birth

of a malformed or insane child.

Speaking of children, there is also a lot of nonsense talked about children and sex these days. Whilst anybody with any sense would agree that no child should be forced into sexual situations or exploited sexually, they should be introduced to sex very early in life. Indeed, some of them are often ready to teach we adults a thing or two and are more than ready to learn.

The whole family should share sex together. Just as they should be encouraged to enjoy the sun and air, in complete nudity together, so they should share sexual experience together. Providing there is no element of cruelty there is no harm.

If this kind of thing was practised by all families, there would be no child sex offences and children would grow up with no inhibitions about sex whatsoever. If Uncle John, or Cousin George's friend fancied a session with little Daisy, then by all means they should be encouraged, always providing, of course, that Daisy was willing—and why wouldn't she be willing if she'd been brought up to enjoy sex with anyone, providing it was with gentleness and kindness. Actual penetration would probably not take place, with the very young, but they could be taught to relieve sexual tensions and indulge in dalliance, etc.

All this would hold good with all women and all men. 'Love' would abound everywhere and there would be no shame.

Even if a man/woman was to take his/her trousers/knickers down in the street and 'make love' to the nearest passing lady/gentleman (who would always, of course, be ever willing and ever loving and totally uninhibited) there would be no shame. In fact, it would help to

Readers Letters



addressed to: 'Health & Efficiency',
23-24 SMITHFIELD STREET,
LONDON E.C.1.

Readers' letters are always welcome. Preference will be given to those letters which are typed and signed and carry the writer's address. Anonymous letters will not be published. We always have more letters than we can publish and each month only a selection appears. Readers should understand that their letter may not appear for six months or more from the time it reaches us.



improve an otherwise dull day, and the public at large could gather round and enjoy, in an uninhibited manner, all that the beauty of sexual intercourse could give.

Competitions could be held, in Nudist clubs and on the beaches for the best sexual performance, and uninhibited onlookers could masturbate or copulate with other members of the public as they fancied.

Under such Utopian conditions, pornography would no longer be necessary, prostitution would die out (people would do it for love, not money), and rape would be a thing of the barbaric past.

Yet, even if there was a bit of porn, a bit of prostitution and a bit of mild rape, it would all be part of the new sexually liberated, erotic scene. Most women dream of being raped or being a prostitute—and most people, at some time or another, like to watch blue films and amuse themselves while studying erotic pictures.

Talking of porn, I am really glad to notice that Health and Efficiency are now showing sexual organs without shame or false modesty, and only regret that the male erection has not yet been allowed its sway, along with the open crotch vulva, now currently on display in the more forward looking sex magazines.

To the pure, all things are pure—and it is only those narrow-minded, sexually twisted 'Blue Noses' in the league of light who see something ugly and disgusting about people lying about in the nude, then going home and thinking about it all, and all the bodies they've seen. We Nudists know differently, being that we are pure in mind, mature, adult human beings who never kid ourselves and never suffer from sexual traumas.

The Continent is far ahead of us in this matter, and it is regrettable that we in Britain (usually the first with most new innovations) should've been caught napping by those damned Froggies and Dutchmen. In fact I hourly await some remark from the Duke of Edinburgh or Prince Charles to the effect that we should 'take our fingers out' and stop being such 'bloody awful prudes.'

This prudish attitude is especially reflected in the idea that the media can, in any way, affect people's actions. That poor misguided woman, Mary Whitehouse, claims that people can see an X film, or look at some hard porn, then go out and commit rape.

This, of course, is complete nonsense. Nobody has ever been



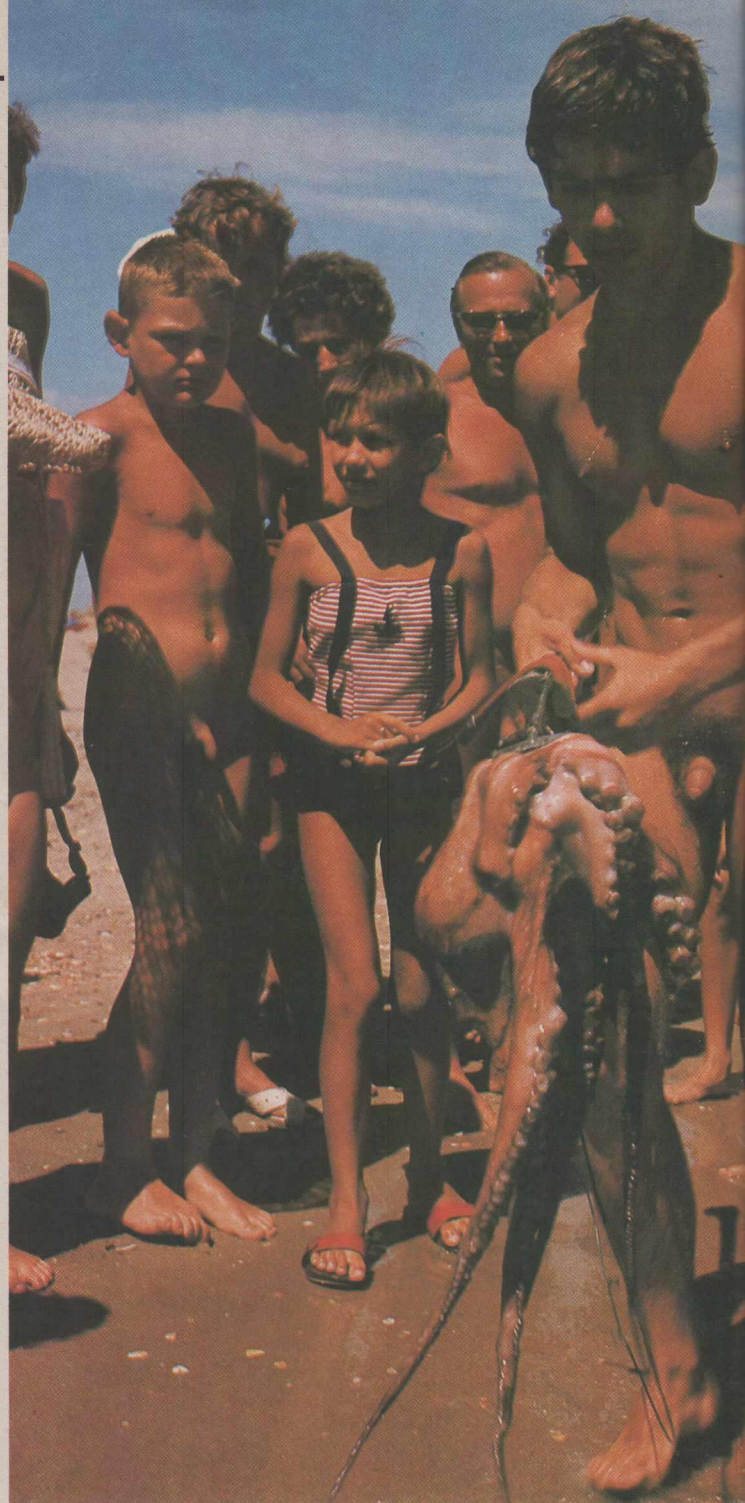
influenced or affected by anything, either written or spoken, or seen in any media. That is why such vast sums are spent on advertising, why so many politicians travel all over the country making speeches, and why books and articles are written, because it is a complete waste of time. They go to all this trouble so that people can completely ignore everything that is told to them and written for them.

The fact that almost hourly, in the evenings, the public are, without warning, subjected to films and plays about adultery, rape, fornication and homosexuality does not mean that they will begin to act like that themselves. In fact, if we can believe

what some playwrights tell us, 'life is like that,' so how can we become something which we are already. We are already a society of rapists and adulterers—and, those that aren't, ought to be told about what's going on so that they will know about it. This is absolutely important, that we know about our depravity. All the good side of our natures doesn't matter. In any case, it's all too dull and not half so exciting and profitable as rape and adultery. Apparently we can't get too much of that.

But the word 'depravity' is a bad word. What we mean is 'broad-minded,' 'sophisticated,' 'mature,' 'adult' or even 'sexy.'

The public knows what it



wants and that should be the law and society's criteria. Give the public what it wants. We don't want fuddy-duddy blue-noses like Lord Longford telling us what we can do or can't do, what we can read and can't read. After all, it has already been shown that people are not affected by what they read or see.

When the public is ready to accept a different set of morals, the law should not stand in its way. We, the public, are impeccable judges of good taste, morality and lawful behaviour. Everything we ask for or demand, we should be given. After all, are we not supposed to be a democracy?

We are all individuals and should be free to do anything and go anywhere—even to the devil—if we want to. Why should the

law dictate to us? If people want to fornicate and commit adultery (or I should say 'make love') it is their own business—and broken homes is anyone's business.

The law should accept the fact (in fact, it IS accepting the fact) that such things are no longer wrong because 'society(?)' SAYS they are not wrong, and society is always right.

Illegitimate children are not the source of an insecure and often criminal society. Broken homes, instant divorces and family estrangements, where children are put into care, are not the cause of misery. If we demand the right and the freedom to 'have it away' with other men's wives and husbands, what has it got to do with anyone else?

We demand the right to live in a society where our new girl or



boy friend has been sexually intimate with half the town and, in many cases, gone through the whole list of venereal diseases. We like it that way—especially when it is our daughter or son. Freedom, that's the thing. Freedom to be totally irresponsible and selfish; freedom to excite and arouse the opposite sex in public places, then complain about criminal assault. Freedom to titillate and pander to depraved appetites and make huge profits out of people's sexual instincts; freedom to produce 'love' children, indiscriminately, so that a child doesn't know who its father is, or mother, and isn't supposed to care.

Thank God the age of puritanism and oppression is coming to an end, and we are now entering a new dawn, where our

fundamental appetites, like greed and lust, are given full expression.

What a blessing is the contraceptive pill! What a miracle the wonders of science that can perform a clean abortion and cure V.D., so that we needn't be bothered to lead what used to be called a 'Godly, righteous and sober life.'

Even today we are able to end the lives of people painlessly—and, in the future, old people, cripples, loonies, mongols, useless people, deformed people and the unemployed will be quickly and painlessly and cheaply dispatched to their maker, thus obviating their being a burden to the State and an inconvenience and nuisance to society at large.

Very soon, women will be totally free and needn't be

30 Years Ago

DEEP IN THE RUSSIAN ZONE

Mensch und Natur, Unser Dasein and Lebensfreud appear regularly and keep up their high standard even if some of the contents (palmistry and cross-words, for example) seem strange to us. I have no direct news from clubs in Western Germany this month, but I have, at last, a report from members of a club in the Russian Zone. The members (about 30 of them) are almost all young people, but my correspondent . . . states that a few

elderly people play, work and swim as well as the young ones. Incidentally, it is interesting to learn how these people, deep in the Russian zone, found a copy of *Health & Efficiency*. A girl member visited Berlin, saw a copy, grabbed it and smuggled it through the train guards. Her letter to me with only London as an address came through.

Charles Kentish in *H. & E.* 1950 (*H. & E. was going places even then.*—Ed.)

expected to bear children at all! Then they will really be equal to men. It will all be done by science and test tubes. We will be born from bottles, and to order, with all the characteristics required for our particular job in life. Even sexual desires will either be increased, for the 'breeders' and eradicated for the neutered 'workers.' There will be no unwanted sexual energy and

no sexual frustrations.*

Truly it can be said that intelligent life exists here, on planet Earth, if not on any other planet in the universe.

Yours satirically,
Warrington R. W. Cheshire

*P.S.—For more details of this fascinating subject, consult Aldous Huxley's 'Brave New World.'



MY ONE AND ONLY VISIT TO A CLUB

THEY say 'speak as you find,'
so here goes:-

Being lonely and now a 'single' although my late wife and I had for some years been nude in the house, so I would not be embarrassed in visiting a club, I did one day, about two years ago now, and after ringing for information was told to ring when at the railway station, and someone would run down and pick me up, etc. After two hours' journey, changing twice, I duly arrived in the village, and after hanging around to see if any cars were in sight, and then ringing the club the voice said 'Sorry, there is no one here,' and that was that, so I eventually found a taxi who knew where the club was, and after a pleasant ride in the country lanes, and approaching the club through a maze of trees, etc., we arrived. The owner met me, quite affably, sorry for this, etc., and then showed me round, I was not at all struck much, rather primitive I thought, not such as I was led to believe in reading the books, etc. However, after a rough snack, I undressed and, nowhere to put your

clothes, was told and given a bag which you had to cart around wherever you went! All right for some, perhaps! Then you stroll around wherever you wished, but not a soul spoke to you, not even in the lounge, undressing or dressing. The only event that did amuse me was out in the grounds on the grass, where you had to sit, no chairs, were two couples, the men laying out full stretch, whilst their wives were sitting up just gazing at them; I found this rather amusing. However, after a shower, I put my clothes on, saying cheerio, but no one offered me a lift, although three cars passed me as I was slogging along the lanes about three miles to go, but I took my time, resting at intervals and enjoying all the quiet and scenery, and at long last arrived at the Station, having to wait about 30 minutes, when the train arrived, and then when in town, another hour's journey. The whole experience cost me over six pounds, but what for? I shall not go again! Also, in the Army slang, 'no names no pack drill' unless you wish me in confidence to give it you?

Upminster James W. H. Rippin
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Male naturist (50s), single, seeking female companion, travelling to beach some Saturdays and/or Sundays from Andover, has three spare seats. — Anyone in the area interested please contact Box No. 1789.

Psychotherapy/Hypnotherapy. Leicester and Coventry consultations (for smoking, slimming, examination nerves, stress, etc.). Stonegate Private Clinic, 39 Knighton Drive, Leicester. 0503 704981. Consultants: D. G. Shephard, T. F. Ward.

How to become a more efficient lover without 'Aids.' For fast male energy without drugs send s.a.e. for details to: J.P.R., 42 Bertie Road, London NW10.

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